THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Further Account of the Interesting Proceedings at the State Convention of the Order, Held in Danville Last Week.

Pleasant Social Meetings of Local Divisions, Where Pleasant Times and Good Fellowship Prevail.

The biennial convention of the A. O. H. of Illinois has closed its deliberations and the new term has commenced under auspices much more encouraging than those of two years ago. The state officers who held offices have been unanimously re-elected. The Finance committee have been the same unanimous, liberal and have appreciated the needs of the order in a manner most creditable to their judgment. The change in existing bye-laws have not been radical or sterling. Most if not all of the recommendations made by the State President in his address were concurred in, with some additions, the wisdom of which experience will prove.

The clamor on the part of many for insurance feature in the organization as has been silenced by the appointment of a committee to consider all phases of existing fraternal insurance, also the advisability or practicability of applying such system in our society. This committee is to report at a meeting of the State Board, to be held in 1897, at the call of the State officers. This plan will insure careful deliberation, and if the committee reports against the suggestion of insurance we may be confident it will be after exhaustive examination of the requirements of the Order and the possibilities of success. The report of the proceedings will be published at the earliest convenience, but alterations in the by-laws are not subject to the action of the National convention to be held in Detroit.

The reception of the delegates by the committee of arrangements was the most demonstrative of the hospitable Irish fire and spirit which animates all true Hibernians. The hotels were taxed to their utmost capacity, and all were welcomed with a cordiality which the politicians find it necessary to assume on the eve of important political events. Tuesday and Tuesday evening the streets were filled with members of the Order, many having the regalia on, all such the convention was called to order, and opened by a committee of the acting mayor, Hon. A. W. Healy, entered the hall and presented the freedom of the city to the assembled Hibernians. After the interesting addresses of the city officials by Mr. Fathers Byrnes, and Kelly addressed the delegates and the convention settled down to business. A committee on credentials was appointed and the convention adjourned until the next morning at 9 o'clock p.m., the convention re-assembled, when the committee on credentials reported, and the rules were adopted to guide the convention. Reports of officers were then submitted, and the various sub-committees appointed to consider the same when the convention adjourned until 1:30 o'clock in the following day. In the evening the Ladies' auxiliary of Danville, tendered a reception to the visiting delegates. Brothers Wallace, of Rad St. Louis Graham, of Caledonia, Quigley, of Danville, Walsh, Moloney and Fanning, of Chicago, were among the first arrivals and were soon followed by Brothers J. McGoorty, P. E. Holden, T. J. Costello and many others of the youthful delegates. The first to be introduced to the auxiliary was Mr. F. Fanning, of Chicago, who, at the invitation of the president, Mrs. Gleason, stepped on the platform, but he had hardly opened his mouth when the 125 ladies present rose as one woman, and made a current with marked grace before the distinguished visitor. Such unexpected homage was too much, even for Mr. Fanning, who, after profusely endeavoring to express his obligations and appreciation of the good eyes, captivated with the recitation of the battle of Gettysburg. The rest of the speakers were responded for the 125 parrot mute, and a very pleasant evening's entertainment followed, in which Brothers McGoorty, Holden and Walsh distinguished themselves.

The following morning a grand parade of all the local societies together with the visiting delegates took place in which the visiting delegates took part. Brothers Quigley, T. J. Long, Martin Fanning, Jr., Moloney were others whoring regalia taking the right of the line, and made a current with many of the members did not bring their regalia with them, as the same would have added much to the splendor of the parade. The Hibernian Knights were present in full force, and marched with the rest, showing what a splendid body of men they are. The parade was reformed and passed through the principal streets of Danville.

At 1:30 o'clock the convention was again called to order, and continued in continuous session until 6:30 p.m., when adjournment was taken until the following morning at 8 o'clock. This session was remarkable for the amount of work accomplished, nothing of importance remaining except those on bye-laws and resolutions. The report of the finance, state of the Order, and delegates' credentials evoked considerable debate of a very interesting character. The report on the Ladies' Auxiliary included a code of state bye-laws to be submitted to the National convention, and a vote of the house authorized the state president to summon representatives of the auxiliaries together after the Detroit convention to adopt by-laws if not in accord with the constitution framed by national officers. It was also decided to hold a meeting for that purpose in Joliet, where the first auxiliary has been organized. Representatives of the delegates were invited to participate in a banquet at the Danville armory, where they assembled at 8:30 to enjoy the profuse hospitality of the Danville brothers.

A splendid entertainment and menu occupied the attention until a late hour.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.	
Charles T. Quigley, Toastmaster.	
Music	Hon. J. J. Kelly
Music	Hon Hor Mann
Ladies' Auxiliary	Miss Agnes T. Keating
Ladies' Auxiliary	Miss Mary E. Reidy
The Irishman as a Soldier. Hon. W. J. Onahan	
Music	
Irish Orators	Daniel Hogiven
The Irishman as a Statesman	James J. W. Breen
Young Men of Hibernianism	Thomas J. Walsh
Our Country	Lawrence Reeves
Music	
Hibernianism	Hon. E. N. K. Kinsella
Foreign Charity	Rev. Father Byrnes
Ireland	John P. O'Reilly
The Irishman as a Reporter	Hon. Thomas Gahan
Music	
Hibernianism	Rev. J. J. Cleary
Hibernian Neighbors	A. J. Hughes
Benedictine	Rev. Father Kelly
Benedictine	Rev. F. J. Kelly
State	Hon. Thomas Gahan

MENU.

Chaugnes a la Hibernian	
Ham Sandwich	Tongue Sandwich
Sweet Pickles	Lemon Jelly
Chicken Salad	Salad a la Spade
Cake and Coffee	Lemon Ice Cream
Macaroons	Assorted Cakes
Bonbons	Silver Service
Rochefort Cheese	Water Crackers
Coffee	

The speeches of Brothers Dan Mc-Glynn and Kelly, Mr. Callahan and President Keating spoke on the growth of the order and the necessity of enforcing discipline in the divisions. Brothers Mellugh and Morna, of Div. 5, delivered addresses which with the excellent singing was heard from Brothers Doherty and Hanrahan. The evening closed with a Gaelic song from Brother P. F. Conway, who was in splendid voice. The boys from Div. 35 sr any time, but their reunion was superior to anything we have had on the South Side.

Div. 8 held a reunion on Saturday night, at which their speakership still was taxed to excess. At the regular meeting which preceded the same eleven candidates were initiated. Father Scanlon was chairman of the evening and delivered the appropriate address. His pleasure is all present. The doors were open to all visitors, numerous among whom were Brothers Dan Ryan, Dan Mc-Glynn and Kelly, Brothers Owens and Mahoney, Brothers Dan and Jim Hogan, Brothers Dan and Jim Hogan, Brothers Dan and Jim Hogan

DEATH IN A FURY

Rides the Cyclone and Strews His Path with Slain.

TEXAS TOWN VISITED BY HAVOC.

Scores Killed By the Rotary Terror and Other Scores Wounded—Two Buildings Required to Contain Those Picked Out of the Wreck—Ten Corpses Found in a Creek—People Frantic with Grief.

FORT WORTH, Tex., May 16.—A special to the Gazette from Sherman, Tex., says: A most disastrous cyclone struck Sherman at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, wiping out the entire western end of the town. The loss of life is appalling. The dead are estimated at between thirty and forty. This is a very conservative estimate. Many more are fatally or seriously injured. At 5 o'clock last evening twelve bodies were lying cold in death in the county court house, and as many more were scattered about across the desolated west end of the city. No accurate estimate can as yet be placed on the loss of life and property. The work of rescue and search for the missing goes on. The business part of the town is deserted and in the greatest excitement. The Western Union office is overflowed with anxious ones sending messages and inquiring the fate of other towns.

Cut a Path 100 Yards Wide.

Every available wagon, buggy and horse is in use by searchers and workers on the field of death. As time grows later reports of greater loss of life and property arrive. Many stories of miraculous escapes are told. The Sherman court house being insufficient to hold the dead and wounded the vacant Moore building on the south square was utilized, fifteen colored people, dead or dying, being placed there. The highest excitement prevails and the greatest difficulty is experinced in getting the names of the victims and accurate reports. The storm struck Sherman on the southwest corner of the city and cleared a path 100 yards wide along the west end of the town. Houses, trees, fences, and everything went before the terrible force of the cyclone. The negro part of the town suffered the most severely. There are probably thirty negroes killed.

Ten Bodies Found in a Creek.

Ten bodies have been picked up in Post Oak creek. The flood of rain which attended the storm was severe. The town is a mass of mud and floating debris. There is much difficulty in finding the dead and injured. Captain T. F. Ely's house was demolished and his wife and two children had miraculous escapes. Captain B. Berge's residence was also leveled to the ground, but fortunately the family was away from home. Frank Ryan, manager of the Sherman base ball team, had his house blown off its foundation and completely turned around. His wife and two children escaped serious injury.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE HAVOC.

Sixty Dead and 100 Wounded Now the Figure—Property Damage.

FORT WORTH, Tex., May 16.—Later details of the horror at Sherman are as follows: The number of missing is large and includes a great many children, and it is quite probable that the most of them are dead. It is very conservative to estimate that the list of fatalities will reach sixty, while the injured will reach 100. At least fifty houses are totally wrecked. Most of them are small cottages, except in Fairview and Washington avenues, where the handsome residences of L. F. Ely, Captain J. C. Stalter, Mrs. Pat Mattingly and James Falls also succumbed. The loss will reach at least $150,000, and but little if any of it was covered by cyclone insurance.

The list of killed, white, as far as reported by the authorities at this writing is as follows: Mrs. Otto Baldinger and two children; Mrs. I. L. Burns and two children, Johnnie, aged 3, and Grover, aged 10; John Ames and wife and two children; Rev. J. S. Shearer; Mrs. Luke Montgomery and two children—another is also missing; William Hamilton, farmer; Mrs. George Anderson and an infant daughter; Mary Belle Jenkins; D. L. Pierce and son Tom, aged 14; Mrs. Dave Herring and two children; an unknown woman and two little white children, about 4 and 6 years of age.

DEVASTATION WAS WIDESPREAD.

Church Demolished Over the Heads of 150 People Gathered Therein.

KANSAS CITY, May 18.—A special to the Journal from Concordia, Kas., says: Another cyclone visited north central Kansas yesterday afternoon. It is impossible to gather the details because the telegraph wires on the Missouri Pacific and Grand Island railroads are down. The cyclone started in the northern part of Clay county, seven or eight miles south of the little town of Palmer, and passed in a northeasterly direction through Riley county and into Marshall and Nemaha counties. It crossed the Blue River at the junction of the Missouri Pacific and Union Pacific railroads and passed near the town of Axtell. The little hamlet of Bodaville, in Riley county, was entirely swept away. Several are reported killed there and many injured, but nothing can be learned definitely.

At Spring Valley, some six miles south of Barnes, the storm demolished a church in which 150 people were worshipping. Many were injured. The pastor, Rev. Mason, suffered a broken leg. The storm formed about 5 o'clock, almost in the track of the one that visited this section three weeks ago. The cyclone was followed by a heavy hail and rain storm and great damage was done to crops.

The valley of the Blue river in Marshall county is one of the richest in the state and thickly populated. It is expected that reports coming in later will tell of the death of many persons and the destruction of a great deal of property.

KANSAS CITY, May 18.—Reports received here indicate that the cyclone which passed over Marshall and Nemaha counties, Kansas, last evening swept over an unusually large territory, dealing death and destruction through two counties. A dispatch from Bern, Nemaha county, reports that Seneca, the county seat, was struck by a cyclone, one-third of the residence portion of the town destroyed, five persons killed and fifteen badly injured. The county's new court house, the town's big school house and the Roman Catholic church were among the buildings wrecked. Five hundred citizens of Seneca are reported to be homeless. The property loss is estimated at $100,000. The five dead are: Two children of Everhes, two children of Connell, and a son of Peter Assemacher.

At Oneida several buildings were destroyed and three children of James Sherrard killed. The west half of the village of Balleyville was swept away but none were killed. The damage in this city is over $200,000.

HIAWATHA, Kas., May 18.—Two couriers who have just arrived from Reserve, a village in the northeastern part of this (Brown) county, report that everything in the village of Reserve was demolished by the cyclone which swept over Marshall and Nemaha counties last evening. They report that many people were injured at Reserve, ten or twelve very seriously. Nothing further can be learned here of the disaster at that point.

CYCLONE SWEEPS DOWN AGAIN.

Fall City, Neb., Tells of Four Dead and a Larger Number Injured.

OMAHA, May 19.—A special to The Bee from Falls City, Neb., says: This city and surrounding country is in mourning with dead and injured in many families and debris of the devastation covering everything. As far as can be learned at present the killed and injured are: Killed—Eight-year-old son of J. M. Houcks, Mrs. Sam Sailor, Mrs. Schock, and John Smith.

Injured—William Brannon and wife; J. M. Houcks, severely bruised; Mrs. J. M. Houcks, bruised arm and shoulder; Isaab R. Rhodes, very badly cut, and injured internally; son and daughter of Mr. Rhodes, both severely bruised; William Hinton; Mrs. William Hinton, bodily injuries; daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hinton, face badly bruised; tramp at Missouri Pacific station, broken leg and lacerated knee; William Smick, wounded on the left arm and ankle.

The farm houses of H. E. Lemon, I. E. Rhodes, W. R. Kent, Dan Sailor, Jacob Lichty, Thomas Eakin and William Druggmiller were all blown down, and most of the accidents and deaths occurred at these places. It is estimated the damage will be $75,000 to the city and park. The damage in the rural districts is supposed to be much heavier.

OMAHA, May 19.—A special to The Bee from Humboldt, Neb., says: The trainmen arriving here last evening bring reports of frightful results of the cyclone on the reservation adjoining this county. They assert that forty persons were killed by the cyclone on the reservation. No particulars are obtainable, as all communication by wire is down. Those killed are supposed to be Indians, as there are few whites on the reservation.

COSTLY FIRE AT WASHINGTON.

Three Men Killed and Property Worth $150,000 Reduced to Debris.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—A conflagration which resulted in the loss of buildings and stocks worth $150,000 and in which three firemen were killed and four seriously injured by falling walls occurred in this city about 8 o'clock last night. Twenty-one buildings with their contents were totally destroyed in the space of about two hours. The burnt district consists almost entirely of commission and wholesale jobbing houses in the square bounded by B street, Louisiana avenue, Ninth and Tenth streets.

The fire started in a branch station of the Postal Telegraph company, located on B street, and is supposed to have been caused by lightning, a severe thunderstorm having just passed over the city. The buildings were filled with a mass of inflammable material which made it difficult for the firemen to cope with the progress of the flames, which spread with great rapidity. After two hours hard work the flames were under control.

The following is a list of the dead and injured, all firemen: Dead—Thomas Griffin, Daniel Conaway, and Assistant Foreman Gulles. Injured—Jos Mulhall, J. W. McIlwee, George Kettler, and Arthur Donaldson. The three men who are dead went into the ruins voluntarily to assist in rescuing their imprisoned comrades all of whom were rescued though badly injured, while those who attempted to rescue them perished. The money loss is about $150,000, well insured.

METHODISTS IN A DEADLOCK.

Fail to Elect a Bishop Because of a Suspected Combination.

CLEVELAND, May 19.—The impression is becoming prevalent that a deadlock will occur in the Methodist Episcopal conference over the election of the two new bishops. Five ballots were taken yesterday without a choice, and the election is apparently as far away as ever. It is evident that there is a strong element in the conference opposed to the election of more bishops, and this element is believed to have been voting in a scattering way for the purpose of precipitating a deadlock. A motion was made without a second to postpone further balloting indefinitely, and it is said the motion will be renewed today.

The features of the day's balloting were the losses of Dr. Buttz and Dr. McCabe, two of the strongest candidates in the race, and the surprising gains of Dr. Cranston, Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Neely. It is apparent that a combination had been formed by the friends of Doctors Cranston and Hamilton, while a large eastern contingent which is opposed to the election of either Dr. Buttz or Dr. McCabe is supporting Dr. Neely. The thirteenth ballot follows: Cranston, 245; McCabe, 190; Hamilton, 186; Neely, 172; Buttz, 125; Bowen, 24.

The Methodist Protestants.

KANSAS CITY, May 19.—At the Methodist Protestant conference resolutions were adopted approving all temperance work now in progress and declaring against the license or taxation of liquors as an implied and indirect sanction of the traffic. The conference also ordered that the fourth Sunday in November be observed by all Sunday schools of the church as Temperance Sunday. This is according to the programme adopted by the world's Sunday school conference. Last night the delegates were banqueted at the Midland hotel by U. J. Heinz, of Pittsburg, Pa., president of the Kansas City university.

Our Duchess "Presented."

LONDON, May 19.—The Princess of Wales, assisted by her daughters and Prince Charles of Denmark, held the drawing room at Buckingham palace in behalf of the queen. The Americans presented were the Duchess of Marlbourough, formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt; Mrs. Calvin Brice and her two daughters, and Mrs. Douglas Grant, of New York.

SAVED BY A FEW MINUTES.

Savage Murderer Snatched Almost from Under the Gallows.

CHICAGO, May 18.—At noon yesterday Joseph Windrath was to have been hanged in the county jail. At 11:57 o'clock Judge Baker granted a stay of execution in his case. The condemned man will now be tried for his sanity. The order was announced amid intense silence, the court room being crowded with a nervous, anxious assemblage, which, when the sentence granting the stay was concluded, gave expression to loud expressions of approval. By the order of the court Windrath will now be given a respite of twenty-one days, during which time he will be tried for his sanity. If he is, after a fair trial, declared to be of sound mind the postponed sentence will be carried out Friday, June 5. Should he be adjudged insane the murderer of Carey Birch will be removed to an asylum.

Immediately after the stay had been granted a deputy hurried from the room and communicated the decision to Sheriff Pease. At the precise moment that the judge uttered the words which prolonged Windrath's life three weeks at least the death march was about to be begun. The deputy explained the case to the sheriff, and soon afterward Windrath was brought into Judge Baker's court room to hear the order of the court.

Meantime Alfred C. Fields, a negro who murdered Mrs. Ellen Randolph, robbed her of $40 and set the bed on fire, was led out to the scaffold and hanged for his crime, which he said he committed because he "loved" the woman—another man's wife. He died bravely, buoyed up by religious fervor.

FATAL COLLISION ON THE LAKE.

Schooner Mary D. Ayer Goes Down with Five of Her Crew.

CHICAGO, May 18.—The schooner Mary D. Ayer was sunk in collision with the steamer Onoko in Lake Michigan off Grosse Point yesterday and five members of her crew drowned, two being saved. The lost are: Captain Williams, Charles Matson (mate), Henry Sairs (seaman), Tom Jones (seaman) and —— Fitz (cook)—all were from Chicago. After the accident the Ayer drifted down the lake with her bow stove in and was picked up by the steamer City of Duluth.

Shortly after being taken in tow the sank, and only two of the crew of seven were able to escape. The captain lost his life in endeavoring to save the schooner, which he could easily have abandonded in time to escape drowning. There was a dense fog on the lake at the time of the collision, and the accident is not believed to have been the result of carelessness. The Onoko was damaged, but not seriously.

Scott Jackson to Hang.

GREENCASTLE, Ind., May 15.—Scott Jackson's mother, Professor and Mrs. Post, and other relatives, arrived here Wednesday night after the close of the trial at Newport, Ky. They received a telegram yesterday that Scott Jackson was convicted and sentenced to be hung. Mrs. Jackson, the [illegible] condemned man, is prostrated [illegible] one here sympathizes with h[illegible] there is general rejoicing at [illegible] the Bryans over the verdict. [illegible] learned that Judge Helm w[illegible] arguments at Newport to-[illegible] motions for a new trial, when [illegible] that the Bryans and that [illegible] again go to Newport.

Lochren Returns to the Bench.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Judge Lochren, who has been nominated for United States district judge of Minnesota, to succeed Rensselaer Nelson, was appointed commissioner of pensions at the beginning of the present administration. He was then a district judge in Minnesota. Judge Nelson, whom he succeeds, was appointed in 1858 by President Buchanan, and has the longest service of any judge in the United States courts. Ever since Judge Lochren's appointment as commissioner of pensions it has been the desire of his friends to promote him to the bench in case Judge Nelson should resign.

Chicago Suburb Swept by Fire.

CHICAGO, May 18.—Nearly half the business portion of the suburban town of Blue Island was destroyed by fire yesterday. Altogether twenty-six buildings were consumed, entailing a loss of about $150,000. A shifting wind was blowing almost a hurricane at the time, and the fire spread rapidly. Three hundred people who were attending a dance in Salsager hall had a narrow escape from death. The building caught fire while the dance was in progress and a stampede ensued. Many persons were bruised, though none was seriously injured.

Colorado Republicans.

PUEBLO, May 18.—Soon after 2 o'clock Chairman Howbert, of the state committee, called the nearly 300 delegates to the state Republican convention to order and the convention was formally opened.

The convention declared for bimetallism and protection—free silver the paramount issue. Teller was chosen to head the delegation. No instructions, except obedience to his directions.

Fatally Hurt on the Drainage Canal.

CHICAGO, May 15.—During a short but violent wind storm yesterday a derrick on the drainage canal at Sag Bridge, a few miles from this city was blown down and ten men injured, three of whom will die. The fatally injured are: H. J. Kuetsch, legs cut, chest crushed and internal injuries; E. M. Lantz, skull fractured; Patrick Roach, four ribs broken and internal injuries.

THE DEATH RECORD.

T. C. KNIGHT, chairman of the Stock Exchange at Philadelphia.

Captain ISAAC T. NORRIS, old lake navigator, at Chicago.

JAMES DELAND, ex-mayor of Clinton, Ills.

Rear Admiral THOMAS H. STEVENS, retired, at Washington.

S. STAATS TAYLOR, first mayor of Cairo, Ills.

Rev. Father CAFFERTY, vicar general of the Catholic diocese of Savannah, Ga.

WILLIAM BRADLEY, well-known business man, at Centerville, Ia.

Rev. Dr. HELSEY MOORE, of the Baptist Missionary society, at New York.

J. B. MOORE, widely known hotel man, at Peoria, Ills.

JOHN STONE, ex-chief of police of Denver, Col.

Captain B. WILDS, well-known lake navigator, at Detroit.

JERE A. BLOUNT, ex-city treasurer of Janesville, Wis.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

CHICAGO, May 15.—Chairman Hitch, of the Republican state central committee, has appointed his executive committee. Charles S. Rannells, of Jacksonville, was chosen chairman. Contrary to expectations, however, Dr. L. S. Wilcox, of Champaign, was, for some reason or other, left off the committee, although it was the announced intention of the leaders before the committee was chosen to name the man from Champaign as a member of it. The following is the full executive committee as chosen by Chairman Hitch:

Charles S. Rannells, chairman, Jacksonville; James Pease, Chicago; Ira C. Copley, Aurora; James McKinney, Aledo; Howard O. Hilton, Rockford; Charles S. Deneen, Chicago; Dr. W. A. Stoker, Centralia; Adam Wolf, Chicago; Ralph F. Bradford, Pontiac; Charles P. Hitch, Paris; James R. B. Van Cleave, Chicago; James H. Gilbert Chicago.

CAUGHT THOSE BANK ROBBERS.

Bank Cashier and a Drug Clerk Looted the Institution at Buffalo, Ill.

SPRINGFIELD, May 18.—The men who robbed the State Bank of Buffalo, this county, last Thursday have been captured and have made a full confession. They are Carl Kloppenburg, the cashier of the bank, and Joseph Kloppenburg, a drug clerk of this city, sons of August Kloppenburg, a wealthy citizen of Springfield. Carl Kloppenburg confessed to Sheriff Baxter the entire story. He states that he and his brother put the job up two weeks ago. Joseph was to ride out to Buffalo, fifteen miles distant, on his wheel, enter the bank at the noon hour when Carl was alone in the bank, secure the money, bind and gag the cashier and return to this city.

The programme was carried out to the letter, but was so flimsily done that many people not only saw Joseph Kloppenburg, but recognized that he was disguised and very poorly, too. Carl is in jail here and will plead guilty. Joseph is out on bond secured by his father. There is a third man in the case who has not yet been arrested. The amount stolen is over $1,500. The money was found in Joseph Kloppenburg's room at the drug store here and turned over to the bank officials.

LADIES RUN THE CARS.

Many Rockford Passengers Pay 50 Cents and a Dollar to Ride.

ROCKFORD, Ills., May 16.—Saturday was tolley day in Rockford, the society ladies of the city of Rockford taking charge and running the cars of the City Railway company. The receipts are to go the Ladies' Union Aid society, the great charitable organization of the town. Every car in the service was run out and merchants who bought the advertising privilege on them decorated them very handsomely.

Everybody in the city rode, and more passengers paid 50 cents or $1 for the trip than a nickel. The ladies enjoyed the novelty of the affair immensely and will net a big sum. Those were pandemonium and the ladies did not go off duty until midnight. It was a great success in every respect.

Embezzled Money and Killed Himself.

CHICAGO, May 18.—Fearing the disgrace of an exposure of his breach of trust in embezzling, it is thought, nearly $200 that had come into his possession, Max Goldschmidt, for more than ten years a clerk in the postoffice, killed himself Sunday afternoon at his home, 4016 Indiana avenue. Goldschmidt was 35 years old and married. Of late, it is said, he had been speculating on the board of trade more heavily than his means would permit, and in an effort to regain what he had lost he is said to have used money belonging to Myrtle lodge No. 79 of the Royal League and to Chicago council No. 4 of the North American Union.

For Altgeld and Free Silver.

CANTON, Ills., May 19.—The Fulton county Democratic convention instructed for Altgeld and adopted resolutions instructing the delegates to the state convention to vote for a free silver coinage plank.

MARSHALL, Ills., May 19.—The Democrats held a large and enthusiastic county convention here. A resolution instructing for Altgeld and free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was adopted without a dissenting vote.

State Notes.

The buildings in the county fair grounds south of Wheaton, Ills., caught fire and all except the grand stand and art building were destroyed; no insurance.

The Rockford (Ills.) Watch company has made an assignment. Irvin French was named as the assignee. Reorganization is hoped for.

D. W. Mills was nominated for congress by the Republicans of the Fourth Illinois district. Woodman, the present incumbent, withdrew his name.

George Jacobson, aged 12 years, was fatally injured by a Rock Island train at Morris, Ills., while attempting to cross the tracks.

The boiler of Ryndor's mill at Waverly, Ills., exploded, instantly killing Prince Talkington, the engineer, and bruising some of the men about the mill.

The two leading druggists of Marion, Ills., were indicted for selling poison to customers and failing to label the drug.

Baptist May Anniversaries.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 18.—Typical May weather marked Monday the inauguration of the great annual May anniversaries of the Baptist church in the United States, and representatives of the denomination, male and female, clergy and lay, have taken this noted resort by storm. Monday morning the various executive and finance committees were in session, and in the evening the actual business of the week was inaugurated with the nineteenth annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Home Mission society.

Methodist Protestant Conference.

KANSAS CITY, May 18.—President Herring presided at Monday's session of the Methodist Protestant conference in Kansas City, Kan. An important item in the work was the adoption of a resolution providing for the printing each week in the various religious weeklies of extracts from the catechism. A hot discussion arose over the resolution which was presented by Rev. A. J. Reichard, chairman of the Sunday school committee, but it was finally adopted by a decisive vote.

OUR NATIONAL SOLONS.

Doings in the Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—Gibson of Maryland and Nelson of Minnesota spoke in the senate against the bill restricting immigration, the former taking the ground that the chief backer of the bill was the A. P. A. and its object a blow at Roman Catholicism and the latter insisting that this as a nation of immigrants owed too much to immigration to shut our doors now. The balance of the day was devoted to debate on the Dupont contested election case from Delaware. Sixty pension bills were passed which cleared the calendar of all except the vetoed one.

The house under the special order devoted the whole day to private pension bills. They were disposed of at the rate of about one every five minutes, fifty-eight in all being favorably acted upon before adjournment. Among them were bills granting pensions to the widow of General O. M. Poe, $50; widow of General Jameson, $50; widow of General John Newton, $75; widow of United States Senator George E. Spenser, of Alabama, $50, and ex-Representative Smalls, of South Carolina, $30. The senate amendments to the river and harbor bill were disagreed to, but Hepburn raised a point of order against this action and the speaker said he would decide it today.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—By a vote of 31 to 30 the senate yesterday determined that Henry A. Dupont was not entitled to a seat in the senate from the state of Delaware. This closed a long and animated controversy, which had become one of the most notable contests of its kind in the history of the senate.

The house passed 100 private pension bills at the day session. Howard of Alabama denied in a personal explanation that he was drunk five months ago in the house as reported by newspaper correspondents. The night session failed for want of a quorum.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—By a vote of 6 to 41 the senate refused to take up a resolution to investigate the alleged election frauds in Alabama in the Kolb-Oates election contest. The yeas were Chandler, Frye, Gallinger, Morrill, Allen and Peffer. A bill was passed to purchase the toll roads in the Yosemite valley, and a resolution adopted inquiring of the status of the suit against the Joint Traffic association. The bill relating to the price of district gas was passed and an executive session held at which Judge Lochren's nomination was confirmed.

The house passed the bills to allow the bottling of distilled spirits in bond; to expedite the delivery of imported goods in parcels and packages not exceeding $300 in value; to provide for the registration of trade marks on bottles, barrels, corks and other receptacles used in interstate and foreign commerce; to incorporate the Ancient Society of Colonial Dames of America, and for the general distribution of condemned cannon by the secretary of war and secretary of the navy. A special order was adopted for the consideration of immigration bills today until 4 p. m.

CONVENTIONS OF PROHIBITIONISTS.

Cold Water Men in Council in Iowa and Wisconsin.

DES MOINES, May 14.—The Prohibition state convention was held here yesterday, 200 delegates in attendance. W. K. Brown, of Guthrie county, presided. The platform of 1892 was readopted. The following delegates-at-large were elected: B. F. Wright, of Floyd county; J. H. Harvey, of Dallas; Levi Marshall, of Jefferson; J. M. Woodward, of Woodbury; Mrs. L. A. Bennett, of Marshall; Mrs. A. E. McMurray, of Polk; T. G. Orwig, of Polk; A. C. Bondurant, of Polk; Rev. G. M. Adams, of Poweshiek, and P. D. Smith, of Jones.

The convention nominated the following state ticket: Secretary of state, William G. Wright, of Story county; auditor, J. W. Wonders; treasurer, E. J. Lye, of Cedar; judge of the supreme court, Samuel Holmes, of Fremont; reporter of the supreme court, Miss Belle Mix, of Des Moines; railroad commissioner, William S. Pickle, of Lyon; attorney general, F. M. Ford, of Woodbury.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., May 16.—The Prohibition state convention was called to order yesterday afternoon. Captain J. F. Cleghorn, of Clinton, was made chairman, and Dr. Mosely, of Tomah, secretary. A platform will likely be adopted for prohibition only. Rev. E. L. Eaton, of Racine, is talked of for governor.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, May 18.

Money on call easy at 2½ per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 4.85@4.85½ for demand and 4.82½@4.82¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 4.83@4.85 and 4.85½@4.86; commercial bills, 4.81½.

Silver certificates, 69@70c; no sales; bar silver, 67½c; Mexican dollars, 51½c.

United States government bonds ¼ lower; others steady; new 4's registered, 117; do. coupons, 117; 5's registered, 112¾; do. coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 103; 4's coupons, 103¾; 2's registered, 94½; Pacific 6's of '95, 109¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, May 18.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade to-day: Wheat—May, opened 61½c, closed 62¼c; June, opened 61¾c, closed 62¾c; July, opened 62¾c, closed 61¾c. Corn—May, nominal, closed 29½c; July, opened 29¾c, closed 29½c; September, opened 29¾c, closed 30¼c. Oats—May, opened 19c, closed 19½c; July, opened 19¾c, closed 19½c; September, opened 19¾c, closed 19¾c. Pork—May, nominal, closed $7.57½; July, opened $7.70, closed $7.62. Lard—May, nominal, closed $4.55; July, opened $4.67½; closed $4.65½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 10c per lb.; extra dairy, 10c; fresh packing stock, 7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 7½@8c per dozen. Live poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens (hens), 6½@7c; roosters, 4½@5c; ducks, 6@10c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, 12@15c per bushel; mixed, 10@12c. New potatoes, $1.00@2.25 per bbl. Apples—Fair to fancy, $2.00@3.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 12@14c per lb.; broken comb, 8@10c; extracted, 6@8c. Strawberries—Illinois, 75c@$1.50 per 24-qt case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 18.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.80 pigs, $3.20@3.50 light, $3.10@3.80 rough packing, $3.30@3.60 mixed, and $3.30@3.67½ heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; quotations ranged at $4.00@4.80 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.60@4.15 good to choice do., $3.75@4.10 fair to good, $3.00@4.35 common to medium do., $2.25@3.90 butchers' steers, $2.00@3.40 stockers, $2.75@3.90 feeders, $1.85@3.70 cows, $2.00@3.80 heifers, $2.00@3.40 bull, $2.25@4.10 Texas steers, and $3.00@4.00 veal calves.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, May 18.

Wheat—Cash white, 70c; cash red, 69½c bid; May, 69½c bid; July, 63½c asked; August, 63½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 13.

Ten days ago Dr. Coney, in a street encounter at Yankton, S. D., with Commodore Coulson, the best known steamboat man on the upper Missouri River, bit the latter on the finger. Gangrene set in and Coulson is not expected to live.

Joseph Raymond escaped from the county hospital while insane at Omaha, Neb., and it required the combined force of five men to capture and return him. All were badly bitten.

D. A. Fawcett, ex-postmaster of LaGrange, Ind., and editor of the LaGrange Democrat, is missing and creditors have gobbled his plant.

The Washington Salvation Army is organizing a bicycle brigade.

Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh's diamond crescent, which disappeared about two weeks ago on the night of a reception given at Chicago, has been "restored" to its owner, Mr. MacVeagh's offer of $500 being effective.

The great carpet mill at Mount Holly, N. J., owned by W. J. Sloan, of New York, and operated by C. H. Mast & Son, was burned. Loss, $400,000.

Thursday, May 14.

Ex-Representative Tarsney, of Missouri has been nominated to the senate for the position of associate justice of the supreme court of Oklahoma.

Annie Shudy is missing from her home at Chicago and not a word has been heard of her whereabouts since May 7.

Word was received at Wheeling, W. Va., of the accidental drowning at sea of Henry G. Davis, Jr., brother-in-law of Senator Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Abbey are reported to have separated.

Ottumwa, Ia., has a week-old babe which weighs but 2½ pounds.

Gus Kepler was fined $100 at Chicago for having a slot machine in his cigar store.

The strike of the firemen at Armour's plant, Kansas City, remains in statu quo. The strikers have made no further move as yet in their attempted boycott against the concern's goods.

The Columbia Match company, established at St. Louis in 1894 to fight the "trust," as the Diamond Match company is known, has been absorbed by its competitor.

Friday, May 15.

Mrs. Sarah Haviland, who murdered her three children while under hypnotic influence, has been pardoned by Governor Rich, of Michigan. The murder took place near Lansing.

Natural gas has been discovered near Ardmore, I. T.

A gigantic iron trade pool is said to be in existence owing to the price of bolts and nuts increasing 50 per cent.

While leading a choir in a church at Pleasant Valley, Ind., Miss Agnes Salmon was suddenly stricken dumb.

The Odd Fellows Temple company at Cincinnati has made an assignment to Marcus Worth. The assets are estimated at $550,000 and liabilities at $260,000.

Benjamin Harrison McKee, grandson of General Harrison and son of J. H. McKee and Mrs. Mamie Harrison McKee, is seriously ill at Saratoga with pneumonia.

The body of an unidentified man was found in the south lagoon in Jackson Park, Chicago. The man was about 50 years old, 5 feet 10 inches in height, and had a beard that measured 7 feet 9 inches in length. His clothing was of good quality.

Saturday, May 16.

The split in the Congregational churches of New York and Brooklyn caused by the Beecher trial was healed Thursday when the New York and Brooklyn conferences joined the Manhattan conference.

A fire which did damage at Hazleton, Pa., amounting to over $70,000, originated in the big general store of A. J. Hahn, the largest of the kind in that locality. The store was destroyed. Loss on stock, $60,000; insurance, $50,000; loss on building, $10,000; fully insured.

Citizens of Walla Walla, Wash., have presented to Dr. D. K. Pearsons a gold-headed cane made of wood from the first apple tree planted in that state. The gift is in token of Dr. Pearson's service for Whitman college.

Benjamin Harrison McKee, who is ill with pneumonia, is improving.

A cave-in occurred at the opal mines near Queretaro, Mex., and ten men were buried with earth and stones. Four of the miners were killed and several of the others injured.

Monday, May 18.

Isidor P. Smith, a veteran fireman of Chicago, took hold of an electric light wire disregarding the warning of another fireman and was dead in an instant.

Atlanta has a celebrated bloodhound on its police force. While the convention of chiefs of police was going on the hound was tested and to the disgust of Atlanta "cops" left the trail of a negro for that of a hog.

Louis Schaller, a newly married man of Marion, Ills., who forged the name of James M. Burkhard to a note and then tried to get money on it at the bank of Marion to pay for his first set of furniture, was convicted and given a term at Chester penitentiary.

Mrs. Sadie Burke, who keeps boarders in her flat at Chicago, shot a man named Todd fatally because she thought he was going out to see another woman, so it is claimed.

Henry Bolln, the ex-treasurer who looted the treasury of Omaha, has been sentenced to nineteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $211,000. Bolln is 55 years of age now.

A Cleveland undertaker proposes to use electric motors in place of teams in conducting funerals.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

Cures of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, by toning and making rich, red blood.

Cures of Nervousness and That Tired Feeling, by feeding nerves, muscles and tissues on pure blood. For book of cures by

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Send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

SURRENDER.

The wild wind wails in the poplar tree,
I sit here alone.
O heart of my heart, come hither to me,
Come to me straight over land and sea.
My soul—my own!
Not now—the clock's slow tick I hear,
And nothing more.
The year is dying, the leaves are sere,
No ghost of the beautiful young crowned year
Knocks at my door.
But one of these night—a wild, late night—
I, waiting within,
Shall hear your hand on the latch, and spite
Of prudence and folly and wrong and right
I shall let you in.
—E. Nesbitt in New York Tribune.

THE MOUNTAIN KING.

Far away in Lapland, at a place called Aimio, near the river Jana, there lived in a little hut a Laplander and his wife, with their small son Sampo.

Sampo Lappelill was between 7 and 8 years of age. He had black hair, brown eyes, a snub nose and a wide mouth, which last is considered a mark of beauty in curious Lapland. Sampo was a strong child for his age. He delighted to dance down the hills on his little snowshoes and drive his own reindeer in his own little sledge. The snow whirled about him as he passed through the deep drifts until nothing could be seen except the tuft of his black forelock.

"I shall never feel comfortable while he is from home," said the mother. "He may meet Hisu's reindeer with the golden antlers."

Sampo overheard these words, and wondered what reindeer it could be that had golden antlers.

"It must be a splendid animal!" said he. "How much I should like to drive to Rastekais with it!"

Rastekais is a high, dreary mountain, and can be seen from Aimio, from which it is five or six miles distant.

"You audacious boy!" exclaimed the mother. "How dare you talk so? Rastekais is the home of the trolls, and Hisu dwells there also."

"Who is Hisu?" inquired Sampo.

"What ears that boy has!" thought the Lapp wife. "But I ought not to have spoken of such things in his presence. The best thing I can do now is to frighten him well." Then she said aloud: "Take care, Lappelill, that you never go near Rastekais, for there lives Hisu, the mountain king, who can eat a whole reindeer at one mouthful and swallows little boys like flies."

Upon hearing these words, Sampo could not help thinking what good fun it would be to have a peep at such a wonderful being—from a safe distance, of course!

Three or four weeks had elapsed since Christmas and darkness brooded still over Lapland. There was no morning, noon or evening; it was always night. Sampo was feeling dull. It was so long since he had seen the sun that he had nearly forgotten what it was like. Yet he did not desire the return of summer, for the only thing he remembered about that season was that it was a time when the gnats stung very severely. His one wish was that it might soon be light enough for him to use his snowshoes.

One day at noon, although it was dark, Sampo's father said:

"Come here; I have something to show you."

Sampo came out of the hut. His father pointed toward the south.

"Do you know what that is?" asked he.

"A southern light," replied the boy.

"No," said his father, "it is the herald of the sun. Tomorrow maybe, or the day after that, we shall see the sun himself. Look, Sampo, how weirdly the red light glows on the top of Rastekais!"

Sampo perceived that the snow upon the gloomy summit, which had been so long shrouded in darkness, was colored red. Again the idea flashed into his mind what a grand sight the terrible mountain king would be—from a distance. The boy brooded on this for the remainder of the day and throughout half the night, when he should have been asleep.

He thought and thought until at length he crept silently out of the reindeer skins which formed his bed and then through the door hole. The cold was intense. Far above him the stars were shining, the snow scrunched beneath his feet. Sampo Lappelill was a brave boy, who did not fear the cold. He was, moreover, well wrapped up in fur. He stood gazing at the stars, considering what to do next.

Then he heard a suggestive sound. His little reindeer pawed the ground with his feet.

"Why should I not take a drive?" thought Sampo, and proceeded to put his thought into action. He harnessed the reindeer to the sledge and drove forth into the wilderness of snow.

"I will drive only a little way toward Rastekais," said Sampo to himself, and off he went, crossing the frozen river Jana to the opposite shore, which—although the child was unaware of this fact—belonged to Norway.

As Sampo drove he sang a bright little song. The wolves were running round his sledge like gray dogs, but he did not mind them. He knew well that no wolf could keep pace with his dear, swift little reindeer. Up hill and down dale he drove on, with the wind whistling in his ears. The moon seemed to be racing with him, and the rocks to be running backward. It was thoroughly delightful!

Alas, at a sudden turning upon the downward slope of a hill the sledge overturned and Sampo was pitched into a snowdrift. The reindeer did not observe this, and in the belief that its master was still sitting behind it, it ran off. Sampo could not cry "Stop!" because his mouth was stuffed with snow.

He lay there in the darkness, in the midst of the vast, snowy wilderness, in which was no human habitation for miles around.

At first he naturally felt somewhat bewildered. He scrambled unhurt out of the big snowdrift. Then, by the wan moonlight, he saw that he was surrounded on all sides by snowdrifts and huge mountains. One mountain towered above the others, and this, he knew, must be Rasteknis, the home of the fierce mountain king, who swallowed little boys like flies!

Sampo Lappelill was frightened now, and heartily wished himself safe at home. But how was he to get there?

There sat the poor child, alone in the darkness, among the desolate, snow covered rocks, with the big black shadow of Rastekais frowning down upon him. As he wept his tears froze immediately and rolled down over his jacket in round little lumps like peas. So Sampo thought he had better leave off crying and run about in order to keep himself warm.

"Rather than freeze to death here," he said to himself, "I would go straight to the mountain king. If he has a mind to swallow me, he must do so, I suppose, but I shall advise him to eat instead some of the wolves in his neighborhood. They are much fatter than I, and their fur would not be so difficult to swallow."

Sampo began to ascend the mountain. Before he had gone far he heard the trotting of some creature behind him, and a moment after a large wolf overtook him. Although inwardly trembling, Sampo would not betray his fear. He shouted:

"Keep out of my way! I am the bearer of a message to the king, and you hinder me at your peril!"

"Dear me," said the wolf (on Rastekais all the animals can speak). "And, pray, what little shrimp are you, wriggling through the snow?"

"My name is Sampo Lappelill," replied the boy. "Who are you?"

"I," answered the wolf, "am first gentleman usher to the mountain king. I have just been all over the kingdom to call together his subjects for the great sun festival. As you are going my way, you may, if you like, get upon my back and so ride up to the mountain."

Sampo instantly accepted the invitation. He climbed upon the shaggy back of the wolf, and they went off at a gallop.

"What do you mean by the sun festival?" inquired Sampo.

"Don't you know that?" said the wolf. "We celebrate the sun's feast the day he first appears on the horizon after the long night of winter. All trolls, goblins and animals in the north then assemble on Rastekais, and on that day they are not permitted to hurt each other. Lucky it was for you, my boy, that you came here today. On any other day I should have devoured you long ago."

"Is the king bound by the same law?" asked Sampo anxiously.

"Of course he is," answered the wolf. "From one hour before sunrise until one hour after sunset he will not dare to harm you. If, however, you are on the mountain when the time expires, you will be in great danger. For the king will then seize whoever comes first, and 1,000 bears and 100,000 wolves will also be ready to rush upon you. There will soon be an end of Sampo Lappelill."

"But perhaps, sir," said Sampo timidly, "you would be so kind as to help me back again before the danger begins?"

The wolf laughed. "Don't count on any such thing, my dear Sampo. On the contrary, I mean to seize you first myself. You are a very nice, plump little boy! I see that you have been fattened on reindeer milk and cheese. You will be splendid for breakfast tomorrow morning!"

Sampo began to think that his best course might be to jump off the wolf's back at once. But it was too late. They had now arrived at the top of Rastekais. Many curious and marvelous things were there to be seen. There sat the terrible mountain king on his throne of cloudy rocks, gazing out over the snowfields. He wore on his head a cap of white snow clouds; his eyes were like a full moon; his nose resembled a mountain ridge; his mouth was an abyss; his beard was like tufts of immense icicles; his arms were as thick and strong as fir trees; his coat was like an enormous snow mountain. Sampo Lappelill had a good view of the king and his subjects, for a bow of northern lights shone in the sky and illuminated the scene.

All around the king stood millions of goblins, trolls and brownies, tiny gray creatures, who had come from remotest parts of the world to worship the sun. This they did from fear, not love, for trolls and goblins hate the sun and always hope that he will never return when they see him disappear at the end of summer.

Farther off stood all the animals of Lapland, thousands and thousands of them of all sizes—from the bear, the wolf and the glutton to the little mountain rat and the brisk, tiny reindeer flea. No gnats appeared, however. They had all been frozen.

Sampo was greatly astonished at what he saw. Unobserved, he slipped from the wolf's back and hid behind a ponderous stone to watch the proceedings.

The mountain king shook his head and the snow whirled about him. The northern lights shone around his head like a crown of glory, sending long, weird streamers across the deep blue sky. They whizzed and sparkled, expanded and drew together, fading sometimes, then again darting out like lightning over the snowclad mountains. This performance amused the king. He clapped with his icy hands until the sound echoed like thunder, causing the trolls to scream with joy and the animals to howl with fear. At this the king was still more delighted, and he shouted across the desert:

"This is to my mind. Eternal darkness! Eternal night! May they never end!"

"May they never end!" repeated all the trolls at the top of their voices.

Then arose a dispute among the animals. All the beasts of prey agreed with the trolls, but the reindeer and other gentle creatures felt that they should like to have summer back again, although they disliked the gnats that would certainly return with it. One creature alone was ready to welcome summer quite unreservedly. This was the reindeer flea. She piped out as loudly as she could:

"If you please, your majesty, have we not come here to worship the sun, and to watch for his coming?"

"Nonsense!" growled a polar bear. "Our meeting here springs from a stupid old custom. The sooner it ends the better. In my opinion the sun has set forever. He is dead!"

At these words the animals suffered, but the trolls and goblins were much pleased with them, and reiterated them gayly, shaking with laughter to such an extent that their tiny caps fell off their heads. Then the king roared in a voice like thunder:

"Yea! Dead is the sun! Now must the whole world worship me, the king of eternal night and eternal winter!"

Sampo, sitting behind the stone, was so greatly enraged by this speech that he came forth from his hiding place, exclaiming:

"That, O king, is a lie as big as yourself! The sun is not dead, for only yesterday I saw his forerunner. He will be here very shortly, bringing sweet summer with him and thawing the icicles in your funny, frozen beard!"

The king's brow grew black as a thundercloud. Forgetful of the law, he lifted his tremendous arm to strike Sampo, but at that moment the northern light faded. A red streak shot suddenly across the sky, shining with such brilliancy into the king's face that it entirely dazzled him. His arm fell useless at his side. Then the golden sun rose in slow stateliness on the horizon, and that flood of glorious light caused even those who had rejoiced in his supposed death to welcome his reappearance.

But the goblins were considerably astonished. From under their red caps they stared at the sun with their little gray eyes and grew so excited that they stood on their heads in the snow. The beard of the mountain king began to melt and drip until it was flowing down his jacket like a running stream.

By and by Sampo heard a reindeer say to her little one:

"Come, my child, we must be going, or we shall be eaten by the wolves."

"Such will be my fate also if I linger longer," thought Sampo. So he sprang upon the back of a beautiful reindeer with golden antlers, which started off with him at once, darting down the rocks with lightning speed.

"What is that rustling sound that I hear behind us?" asked the boy presently.

"It is made by the thousand bears. They are pursuing us in order to eat us up," replied the reindeer. "You need not fear, however, for I am the king's own enchanted reindeer, and no bear has ever been able as yet to nibble my heels!"

They went on in silence for a time. Then Sampo put another question.

"What," asked he, "is that strange panting I hear behind us?"

"That," returned the reindeer, "is made by the hundred thousand wolves. They are at full gallop behind us and wish to tear us in pieces. But fear nothing from them! No wolf has ever beaten me in a race yet!"

Again Sampo spoke:

"Is it not thundering over there among the rocky mountains?"

"No," answered the now trembling deer, "that noise is made by the king himself, who is chasing us. Now, indeed, all hope has fled, for no one can escape him!"

"Can we do nothing?" asked Sampo.

"There is no safety to be found here," said the reindeer, "but there is just one chance for us. We must try to reach the priest's house over yonder by Lake Enare. Once there we shall be safe, for the king has no power over Christians."

"Oh, make haste, make haste, dear reindeer!" cried Sampo, "and you shall feed on golden oats and out of a silver manger."

On sped the reindeer. As they entered the priest's house the mountain king crossed the courtyard and knocked at the door with such violence that it is a wonder he did not knock the house down.

"Who is there?" called the priest from within.

"It is I!" answered a thundering voice. "It is the mighty mountain king! Open the door. You have there a child whom I claim as my prey!"

"Wait a moment!" cried the priest. "Permit me to robe myself in order that I may give your majesty a worthier reception."

"All right!" roared the king. "But be quick about it, or I may break down your walls!" A moment later he raised his enormous foot for a kick, yelling. "Are you not ready yet?"

Then the priest opened the door and said solemnly: "Begone, king of night and winter! Sampo Lappelill is under my protection, and he shall never be yours!"

Upon this the king flew in such a violent passion that he exploded in a great storm of snow and wind. The flakes fell and fell, until the snow reached the roof of the priest's house, so that every one inside of it expected to be buried alive. But as soon as the sun rose the snow began to melt, and all was well. The mountain king had completely vanished, and no one knows exactly what became of him, although some think that he is still reigning on Rastekais.

Sampo thanked the priest heartily for his kindness and begged, as an additional favor, the loan of a sledge. To this sledge the boy harnessed the golden antlered reindeer and drove home to his parents, who were exceedingly glad to see him.

How Sampo became a great man, who fed his reindeer with golden oats out of a silver manger, is too lengthy a story to tell now.—From the Swedish in Strand Magazine.

The One Condition.

Samos—Smile, and the world smiles with you—

Brimley—Yes, if you've got the price.—Town Topics.

CARD SUPERSTITIONS

PLAYERS WITH THE PASTEBOARD HAVE THEIR "BLIND SIDE."

Some of the Strange Beliefs Are as Old as the First Game of Cards—Some of the Standard Superstitions Which Were Held by Persons Known to History.

That immortal devotee of whist Sarah Battle, whose wish was for "a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game," and who, emphatically observing that cards were cards, loved a thorough paced partner, a determined enemy, we are told, and neither took nor gave concessions, had yet her weak point. "All people," says Lamb, "have their blind side—their superstitions—and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favorite suit." And in this respect Sarah Battle was a type of most card players. Every one has his pet superstition, or his favorite suit, and as some one suit, or certain cards thereof, may be considered specially lucky, so there are at least two cards which are generally looked at askance as decidedly unlucky. One is the four of clubs, known as the "devil's bedposts," and the other is the four of hearts, which, for some reason, goes by the name of "Hob Collingwood" in the north of England.

No manner of man is more prone to belief in luck, or to put his trust in strange methods of insuring it, and warding off the effects of unlucky omens and influences, than the confirmed gambler, and even the mildest player at that form of domestic whist disrespectfully known as "bumble puppy," where stakes are counters representing purely imaginary values—even such a one is, as a rule, just as strong a believer in the "luck" which he tries to propitiate either secretly or openly, as any professional Barry Lyndon. The ordinary card player, when pursued by a run of ill luck, gets up, makes his chair perform mystic gyrations, and sits down again, refreshed and hopeful, to pick up the cards of the new deal. He may laugh as he turns the chair round, but he does it all the same, and entertains, you may be sure, a sneaking belief that there is "something in it," after all.

Card superstitions sometimes take odd forms. Some time ago a visitor to the neighborhood of a country town in the eastern part of Suffolk discovered that it was there considered unlucky to sit opposite the hinges, locally called the "jinnens," of the table when playing at cards. Old Aubrey, the old antiquary, more than 200 years ago noted that when one had bad luck at cards it was common for him to say that somebody was sitting with his legs crossed and had so brought him ill fortune. This was a survival of a superstition which dates back to the days of Roman paganism and may possibly account for some of the contempt so freely and proverbially poured out upon tailors, who sit cross legged at their work.

Habitual card players often have resort to strange methods of propitiating the goddess fortune or luck, whom they worship. Du Boisgobey, in one of his sensational stories, remarks: "All heavy players believe in some kind of fetish. Some put faith in a ring, others in the pendants of a watch chain; some will only stake with their hats on or when chewing a toothpick. Others again insist on wearing spectacles, although they possess excellent sight, while some, before venturing to enter their club, will walk for hours in the streets, hoping to meet a hunchback person and gently touch the hump." Fetish worship is by no means confined to Africa. Burglars have more than once been found carrying coal in their pockets, which was supposed in some mysterious way to help them in their nefarious trade, and many people who have nothing in common with lawbreakers save superstition make a practice of carrying this or that intrinsically worthless thing to bring them luck.

Among English card players of the last century what was called a "carp bone"—that is, the curious fleshy palate of the fish—was supposed to be of singular efficacy in bringing luck at cards. An aristocratic devotee of the green baize table, Lady Mary Coke, wrote to a friend something more than a hundred years ago: "The carp bones are intolerable. In the evening I lost eight and twenty guineas at Lady Hertford's. I have thrown one"—carp bone—"in the fire. But whether 'tis yours or Mrs. Jackson's I can't tell." Was not this like the African fetich worshiper? The untutored savage, when things go wrong with him, beats his fetich; the English lady of rank, when her fetich failed to bring her luck, threw it into the fire.

Again, the African beats and maltreats his fetich, but continues to worship it or another. Lady Mary Coke clung to her belief in the virtues of the "carp bone." Six years later than the date of the previous extract she wrote to a friend concerning another card party: "I lost 15 guineas, though the carp bone lay upon the table, but I fear the princess"—Amelia—"has taken away the virtue, for she unfolded the paper, took it out and called it an old tooth, which diverted the company more than it did me, for from that time I lost. At cards I am superstitious, and as it is only at play 'tis pardonable." Lady Mary was candid, although her reasoning is open to question.—London Spectator.

Woman's Champion.

An Idaho editor being asked if he had ever seen a bald headed woman, replied: "No; we never did. Nor have we ever seen a woman waltzing around town in her shirt sleeves, with a cigar between her teeth. We have never seen a woman go a-fishing with a bottle in her hip pocket, sit on the damp ground all day and then go home drunk at night. Nor have we ever seen a woman yank off her coat and swear she could lick any man in town. God bless her! She ain't built that way."

HIS PRESENCE OF MIND.

I Served Him Pretty Well, but It Might Have Done Better.

"It's a great thing, presence of mind, and I always regret that somehow I don't think of the right thing until the wrong time."

The speaker was a man whose mustache and hair showed the winter of life was near. His eye was piercing, not shifty, and his clothing and adornments betokened comfortable circumstances.

"I was guard on the Big Bend stage. I had been a gambler for 20 years. I knew all the tricks, and had played every game in all sorts of ways and with every kind of device.

"It was just such a night as this, the very gentlest of breezes, the moon so bright one could read by it and the road through the woods was as a white ribbon. We were bowling along quietly enough up a grade, when at a little turn we met two horsemen coming at a slashing gallop. They threw their horses back on their haunches, and we were held up.

"Passengers, driver and all were stood up in a row, and one of the bandits guarded us while his partner, Pete he called him, was soon at work on the box. I suspected the driver of connivance, for when we heard the horses he said it was a courier coming. He knew of the trip and so threw me off my guard. I was put in a line alongside the reinsman, and while I had both eyes on the guard and his partner not a move of that rascally driver escaped me.

"Of course we all had our minds in the air, and right here let me explain a little point. Did you ever see a poker hold out? It's an ingenious contrivance which fits beneath your clothing, with an arm extending down the sleeve of your coat on the inside, so regulated that by a pressure of the elbow the clip at the end is at the wrist to grip a card or out of sight up in the arms. It is a handy affair not to be caught with, too, for it is prima facie evidence, and hanging's too little for a man who's known to be ready to play with the contrivance about him. When I quit the game, I had a set of 'em. I took 'em from a fellow from the bay who came up to earn an honest dollar. I wouldn't sell 'em or give 'em away. Some one might think I used such things myself. So I just quietly worked a patent. I got a pair of single shot derringers, which would lie in the crook of my arm, and not rest hard, and I fastened 'em to either clip of them hold outs. Of course when my hands was up, the derringers lay snug against my forearm. I had practiced with 'em lots and knew just how to cramp my elbows, drop my arms a little and have the little barkers in my hands.

"I was gradually letting my hands down once—that is, I was testing the thing—when the guard called me up sharp, fearing something, and made me move away a mite from the box, where he could watch me particular and keep the passengers covered as well. He ordered everybody to keep still, too, for there was a little bit of sobbing by a woman in the party, and a shiveling drummer was bemoaning his fate. Pete was not doing good business with the box, though, for he was clubbing away with a hammer, but not making any headway at opening the little safe.

"Suddenly the opening came. The guard was getting impatient and cursing Pete, when with a smash the hinges broke. Pete gave an exclamation, and the guard turned his head—only for a second, though, but that was enough, for I had been watching him, and it was no great thing to take advantage of the chance.

"Like a flash my arms had dropped, and those little 38 caliber pops were in my hands. With my right I dropped the guard, the bullet going through his head. I shot the fellow at the box with my left hand. I never was as good a shot with my left as with my right, and in addition he was three times as far away. So, instead of hitting him in the head, as I tried, I only got him in the body. As he turned and drew his gun I cried to the people to drop, for I knew there would be some lively shooting. I didn't take time to reach for my own gun, but threw myself on the dead robber, catching this bullet as I went down.

"I had the gun of the dead one up in a moment, and was able to kill Pete before any of the passengers were hit. I have kicked myself a hundred times when I remember my absolute lack of self possession. It would have been just as easy for a man with presence of mind to have turned the trick with two shots, using the left on the close party, and saved the wound, but I couldn't think fast enough."—San Francisco Examiner.

Got It Printed.

A young woman in New York wrote a piece that she considered funny enough for the humorous weeklies. It was a brief skit of about 50 lines, but the hard hearted editors failed to see the humor in it and kept sending it back to her. Finally the young woman lost heart completely, when her brother took pity on her and said: "Here, give me that stuff. I will get it published or know the reason why." A week or two later the alleged humor appeared in a funny paper, and the young contributor enjoyed the delights of authorship. The contribution did not occupy a prominent place. It was among the advertisements, but she was too content to see her work in type to inquire further. The only thing that bothered her was the twinkle in her brother's eye, which she could not understand. He had paid full advertising rates to insert her story at 50 cents a line, single column, one insertion.—New York Correspondent.

A Long Felt Want.

Ambitious Musician—I have fame at last in my grasp.

"How so?"

"You know Mendelssohn's wedding march helped amazingly in making his fame."

"Well, what of it?"

"I am going to write a divorce march."—London Tit-Bits.

Wedding Party In a Play.

A correspondent writes: "I was once witness to, I think, one of the most unique demonstrations that ever took place on the stage, and in it the veteran actor Howe was a leading personage. It was in the days of the famous old Haymarket company, and they were playing in Manchester. Its leading members were Buckstone, Chippendale and Howe. Kendal, who was a new actor, was trying to fill the vacancy which Farren's departure had made, and Mrs. Kendal, then Madge Robertson, was just coming to the front. The old Haymarket comedies were given with delicious freedom. On a particular Saturday night there was, however, something going on among the actors and actresses on the stage which the audience could not fathom.

"I think," continues the correspondent, "the play was 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Buckstone's delivery was thicker than usual. Chippendale was superb as the excitable father, and the twinkle in his eye was merrier and his hop more erratic than its wont. Howe was perfectly buoyant, and his pointed remarks mystified the mystery. Kendal and Miss Robertson played with delightful—almost gushing—affection as the lovers. The lessee of the theater, who was apparently in the secret with the friends around him, for a long time refused to tell them the cause of the exuberance on the stage, but as the denouement of the play came about he let out that Kendal and Madge Robertson that afternoon had been made man and wife in a Manchester church, and that on the fall of the curtain in reality the lovers in more than the sense of the comedy had been made one. The news spread through the theater like wildfire, and when Buckstone, Chippendale and Howe, each generously holding each other up, brought the newly wedded bashful couple to the front of the stage cheers went up such as are rarely heard in a theater. Howe was the last of that famous trio to survive."—Westminster Gazette.

Germans as Workmen.

Some years ago German bakers began to be employed in London for baking fancy bread. In course of time they blossomed into small employers, drove out all competitors by sweating their countrymen, until they have now monopolized the east end business and have nearly doubled in numbers within the last 20 years. Just the same with the butchers, furriers, tailors and hairdressers. Some of these trades are further swelled by the failures—the young fellows who cannot pass their staats-examen—and are shipped off to England to sink or swim, as our own failures are sent to Australia. A German publisher in London told me that one day he met five old university friends in Regent's park, and every one had become a baker. Hairdressing is another refuge for the destitute, waiting in restaurants a third.

The increase of Germans, therefore, does not represent any addition to the industrial life of the country in the shape of especial skill or new trades, as was the case with the French emigrants in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The only exceptions are a few men employed in the high class bakeries and those connected with the fur trade. In all other industries they are distinctly inferior workmen and only employed on the cheapest and commonest work. The French, the Italians and the Scandinavians excel in every industry pursued by them in this country, and in some departments they possess certain unique capacities, as cabinetmakers, for instance, goldsmiths and glassblowers. The Germans are signalized by a general incapacity for doing first rate work of any kind, with the exceptions mentioned.—National Review.

Hochspannungsakkumulatorenbatterie.

The Electrical World wrestles with the above German compound word in the following festive fashion:

"The above is another little German gem we notice in a contemporary. To solve it, it must be taken in installments; the real beginning is near the end, and the real end is the beginning, but this rule is not followed strictly, for, if it were, it might be more convenient to read it by means of a mirror. Begin near the end, then start again near the middle, and continue this oscillating process until all the letters and syllables have been interpreted, being careful to get the right combination. The interesting part of the solution is to find the correct separation between the individual words, which are not separated by hyphens, presumably to save trouble (in writing, not in reading). For instance, this word has nothing to do with the following, although they form parts of it: Ochs (German for ox), span, pan, sak, oren, (German for [illegible] renn (running), bat, batter or Eri[illegible] although these words taken together might suggest an interesting little story. The correct solution is as follows: A battery of accumulators whose voltage is high."

The Collar Button.

"The literature of the collar button is voluminous," said the middle aged man, "but it does not begin to equal in bulk that which was written about the simple shirt button of the days before the blessed collar button came into vogue. The jokes that were written about the woes of the bachelor who found his shirts without buttons or with buttons hanging only by a thread would fill barrels. In fact, the young man of today who frets over a missing collar button, which he can readily replace, should rather rejoice that he lives in this enlightened age when he doesn't have to sew his buttons on."—New York Sun.

The Point of Similarity.

"That poem of yours," remarked the flippant person, "reminds me of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.'"

"But," said the aspiring writer, "you told me yesterday that you had never read the 'Faerie Queene.'"

"Yes. That's why your poem reminds me of it."—Washington Star.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, MAY 23, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Great Diamond Robbery."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"An Officer of the 2d."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The whole country, outside the disgruntled bigots, is laughing over the acrobatical political performances of the great and terrible American(?) Protective(?)Association—otherwise known as the A. P. A. Gov. McKinley, of Ohio, who seems certain of the Republican nomination for the presidency, is the chief bone of contention. Today the A. P. A. pretends to "indorse" the governor; tomorrow it "denounces" him. It is a case of "good Lord, good devil," sure enough, because the A. P. A. wishes to have its "pull"—such as it is—recognized by both parties, or by all parties. If these mischievous, professional bigots were actuated in their war against Catholicity by an earnest religious fanaticism, we could give them credit for sincerity, while lamenting their ignorance and savagery; but when they put themselves up at auction, for pure pelf or lust of office, in the political market place, we have for them only the most unmitigated scorn. We are confident this feeling is shared by every public man worthy the name of American citizen. It would be a good thing if Gov. McKinley came boldly out and told them to go to the devil, who is their master. It is not, unfortunately, the way of American politics to be bold, because boldness is often punished at the polls by this misguided people, which explains why the presidents, instead of representing the highest type of American manhood at all times, have been very frequently persons almost below mediocrity. It is not because of their genius, but because God made America great, that the country remains free and prosperous.

We don't know why the A. P. A. should presume to claim favor with Gov. McKinley. His record has ever been that of a liberal man, and, as he is hated in England, we can see no logical reason why England's friends in this country should be friends of the man whom England hates. We think, however, that McKinley could very well afford to settle the controversy by taking our advice in regard to sending the A. P. A. to the ruler of Hades. It is our firm belief that he wouldn't lose many votes by the operation, and, if he did, the loss would be more than made up from other sources. Besides, such action would be a signal to the whole country to crush the miserable serpents that dare to insult the spirit of the American constitution by seeking to proscribe any form of worship. The assumption of the wretches is simply monstrous, distinctly treasonable, and should not be for a moment tolerated by the leaders of public opinion in America. Any man who would exclude another from political office because he may happen to be a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, is a human viper and ought to be crushed beneath the heel of American citizenship. The A. P. A. is an aggregation of vipers, and the American heel is broad enough and heavy enough, to crush the heads of the whole brood at a single effort.

In this connection we do not attempt to conceal the fact that certain indiscreet members of the Catholic church gave the first chance for the organization of the A. P. A. by their foolish and intemperate attacks on the public schools of this country, in which thousands of exemplary Catholics are employed as teachers, but the masses of the Catholic people did not join in the crusade, and several of the illustrious prelates, together with many able priests, of the church, were not slow in deprecating the action of the hot-headed zealots. The American constitution and the free institutions of the United States cannot be attacked with impunity by any class or creed. This government was created for all the people—not for any particular section of the people. It knows no favorites in its superb household. We may as well look the facts squarely in the face and acknowledge our own errors, while we denounce those of others. The A. P. A. must be taught to respect the American constitution, and citizens of all creeds, while they are at perfect liberty to establish, at the expense of their congregations, all the sectarian schools they please, must not meddle with the secular institutions of instruction established by the State. If we adhere to these principles, there will be no need of further friction between the respective religious denominations in this country.

Cardinal Gibbons, whose course throughout his long and brilliant career has met with the approval of right minded people, has written the following letter in reply to questions addressed to him through the Rev. Dr. Stafford, of Washington, D.C.:

"BALTIMORE, Md., May 17.—Cardinal's Residence—*My Dear Sir:* It is the duty of the leaders of political parties to express themselves without any equivocation on the principles of religious freedom which underlie our Constitution. Catholics are devoted to both the great political parties of the country and each individual is left entirely to his own conscience.

"We are proud to say that in the long history of the government of the United States the great Catholic Church has never used or perverted its acknowledged power by seeking to make politics subserve its own advancement. Moreover, it is our proud boast that we have never interfered with the civil and political rights of any who differ from us in religion. We demand the same rights for ourselves and nothing more; and will be content with nothing less.

"Not only is it the duty of all parties distinctly to set their faces against the false and un-American principles thrust forward of late, but, much as I would regret the entire identification of any religious body as such with any political party, I am convinced that the members of a religious body whose rights, civil and and religious, are attacked will naturally and unanimously espouse the cause of the party which has the courage openly to avow the principles of civil and religious liberty according to the Constitution.

"Patience is a virtue. But it is not the only virtue. When pushed too far it may degenerate into pusillanimity. Yours, faithfully,

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS."

As Cardinal Gibbons is one of the American prelates who has never been hostile to the public schools, his letter will carry with it great weight among the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic citizens of the United States. In fact, it calls for an expression of opinion from the leading candidates for the presidency, and from the conventions that will build the platform on which they shall have to stand. We admire the Cardinal's courage. The last paragraph of his communication ought to be written in letters of gold and transmitted to the Catholic prelates of Ireland, who have, with few exceptions, ever preached patience under circumstances of extraordinary exasperation. The air of America is a great inspirer of moral, as well as physical, courage.

A LIBEL ON GEN. CROOK.

The Phœnix (Arizona) Gazette, recently published the following in regard to the late Gen. Crook's covenant with the Apache Chief Geronimo:

"When Crook started after Geronimo in the '80s, he took only a small force of Indian scouts. When he got down to Sonora, Mexico, to where Geronimo had retreated, these scouts turned traitors. They threw away the provisions, filled up all the water holes they came across, and in other ways heightened the hardships of the campaign. On account of all this, when the men finally overtook Geronimo they were half starved and nearly famished. Crook saw this, and so did Geronimo, but the man who knows anything about him will not deny that he was a shrewd, clever scoundrel. He was quick to take in the situation, and after surrounding Crook's small force, told the general he would either have to make terms or be annihilated. Crook, under these circumstances, decided to make terms, and, according to the dictation of Geronimo, promised, as a United States soldier and a gentleman, not to make war upon the Indians any more. Crook, thinking of his men, and not of himself, for Crook was not the man to think of himself very much, made the promise, and was allowed to escape. When he came back he was retired at his own request, and Gen. Nelson A. Miles succeeded him."

To anybody who personally knew the late gallant general, the foregoing will appear too absurd to require serious contradiction, but it would be unjust to allow such a transparent libel on the brave and able pacificator of both the Apaches and the Sioux to go without remark. In the first place Crook was not the kind of man to place his command and himself in such an absurd position, and if he were, for a moment, at the mercy of Geronimo, as described, that red hided, and red handed scoundrel would not hesitate for a second to sacrifice the general to his vengeance. It is easy to lie about the dead. Gen. Crook did not lack for detractors while on earth and it is evident that some of them are still in the land of the living. But Bourke, and Lawton, and Gatewood, and many others who served with him in Arizona, during the period indicated, are still on the army list, and will know how to defend the reputation and the honor of their departed chief. Crook died a major-general, in command of this department.

CORRUPT ENGLAND.

A radical English paper, called Daylight, which is published in the ancient city of Norwich, says some very plain things about the false social condition existing within the shores of pale faced Albion. Among the writers who lend their pens to its pages is Lady Cook, formerly Miss Tennessee Claflin, of the United States, famous as a woman's rights champion in a former generation. The picture she draws of social conditions existing in her adopted country is simply horrifying. Thus, in Daylight of May 2, we find her saying:

"We live in an atmosphere of deceit; that hypocrisy and vice are rampant; that our lives are artificial, robbed of all the sweet graces and tenderness of the natural; and society is permeated from end to end with sordid wretchedness and selfish luxury are facts. Youth practices the Pagan wickedness of age, and age corrupts the innocence of youth. Tender-hearted women strangle their new-born babes, and men of honour are not ashamed to disown children they beget. Honesty and industry with pinched cheeks and weakened steps pace the street in rags, while idleness and imposture roll along in gaudy chariots. Virtue hides itself in garrets, and vice flaunts itself boldly in public places. English children of the tenderest age are smothered by hundreds, and die slowly by thousands through hunger and nakedness, while vast sums of money are sent out of the country to purchase food and clothing for savages who do not need either."

Surely anybody reading the above will agree with us that England needs another St. Paul to scourge her vices as the great apostle scourged those of Rome.

A PROTESTANT "ROASTS" THE A. P. A.

Catholics, especially Irish-Catholics, are not, as a rule, behind hand as first-class public "roasters" of knaves and vagabonds in general, but for a first-class, scorching roast, commend us to a genuine Protestant Yankee, when he gets his ire in proper working order. We have been reading here and there and everywhere attacks more or less severe on the A. P. A., but we ran across nothing so complete and crushing in the matter of denunciation, as the following, from the pen of the editor of Brann's Iconoclast:

"Warren E. Price, editor of the A. P. A. Magazine of San Francisco, the leading journal of the politico-religious dark-lantern conspirators, has just been sentenced to eighteen months penal servitude and to pay a fine of $500 for sending obscene matter through the mails. Price seems to be a thrifty-minded kuss, for in addition to editing the great organ of the Apes—the sewer through which most of the bigotry and bile of those fanatics and fools pours out upon the public—he conducted a book store which served as a "fence" for contraband art and libidinous literature. One would suppose that such merchandise would be kept sub-rosa and displayed only to the aphrodisiacal dames and habitues of the Chinese opium dens; but it developed at the trial that Price had actually sent circulars to school-children, calling attention to his unequalled stock of moral corruption. And Price, be it remembered, is one of the high-muck-a-mucks of those tearful patriots and pious parrots who are "rallying around the little red school-house," to protect it from the corruptive influence of the Papists! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Set the wolf to guard the lamb, the jackal to keep watch and ward among our sacred dead, and the Apes to protect our innocents!

Nor does the attempt of Price to corrupt the school children measure the deep damnation of this moral pervert. It was proven that he betrayed to the police other dealers in like literature, that he might monopolize the sale of such filth in San Francisco. There may be truth among pirates and honor among thieves, but we look in vain for either among those legitimate descendants of Gulliver's unclean yahoos, the professional Apes. While corrupting the children Price vented his rheum upon the garments of the brides of God. Page after page of his paper was devoted to the most bestial abuse of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods—to branding the inmates of convents as but little better than bawds. I am not surprised that he broke into prison. A man capable of such calumnies as he emitted month after month is equal to any crime requiring no physical courage. Instead of being incarcerated in a well regulated penitentiary, he should have been hanged in a hair halter and his foul carcass left to fatten kites.

Doubtless some honest and earnest people identify themselves with the A. P. A.—ignorance is easily misled by designing demagogues; but I have yet to learn of an Ape leader in whom a cathode ray would discover a good moral character. Warren E. Price and Ex-Priest Slattery are fair samples of the fellows who make A. P. Apeism a profession and fatten at the expense of fools. Slattery did'nt get into the penitentiary; but he got out of Waco p. d. q.—and he'll never come back. He came as the avowed exponent of "muscular Christianity," and promised a congregation—composed chiefly of women—that he'd do something awfully awful to any editor who "dared assail his moral character." Then he undertook to make the same kind of play at a stag party, but did'nt succeed. "His coward lips did from their color fly." He merely took the fighting lie and canine epithet, then folded his tent like the Arab and made an inglorious sneak.

The Apes must indeed be proud of their spokesmen. An "American Protective Association" with Price bearing aloft its gonfalon and Slattery enunciating its principles! Think of men, born in Old Glory's sacred shadow, trailing in the wake of a brace of hebawds who peddle obscene literature to babes and seek to corral the dirty dollar by defaming "The Angels of Buena Vista"—those heroic women who are ever ready to do battle to the death with "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Nor are these bipedal brutes, these professional panderers to the prurient, these assassins of reputation, these highbinders in the world of morals, the exception to the rule,—the black sheep of the A. P. A. hierarchy. Every professional exponent of A. P. Apiesm is either a shameless political adventurer or a graceless mountebank who's is in the unclean business for boodle.

Pick up any paper published in the interest of the catacombers and you'll find the same base inuendoes aimed at a sacredotal order that has been glorified by a Pere Marquette and hallowed by a Father Damien,—the same cowardly and unclean flings at consecrated women who would go to Price himself, and minister to him with more than motherly tenderness, were he stricken with the black death and deserted by those to his heart most dear. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits of A. P. Apiesm are hate and discord that may yet flame forth in civil strife and desolate the land. The fruits of the Catholic orders are love and charity to all, regardless of race or creed, glory or shame. Even a Slattery cannot fall so low that the Sisters of Charity would decline to succour him in his hour of distress. I am no sectarian; I care naught for the Catholic creed. Nor am I fighting the battles of the priesthood—its members are usually able to give a good account of themselves; but when men professing to be countrymen of mine—guardians of the flag of my fathers—assail with vindictive calumny women whose mission is one of mercy, I long for the power to transform the English tongue into the written bolts of Jove and hurl the cowardly and unclean curs to the profoundest depths of hell."

A FAMOUS FRONTIERSMAN DEAD.

Mr. Thomas Moore, the famous chief packer for the late Gen. Crook and other notable Indian fighters, died at Cheyenne, Wyo., on the 16th inst. of a complication of diseases, brought on, no doubt, by the hardships he endured in the pursuit of his arduous profession. Mr. Moore was a typical American frontiersman, stalwart, courageous and highly intelligent—of that rare order of intelligence gained by the study of nature in her grandest forms rather than by book learning. Had he been a literary man, he could have written memoirs that would have thrilled the continent, for he witnessed most of the stirring frontier events of the last five and forty years. He particularly distinguished himself in the Big Horn and Yellowstone campaigns of 1876. On the 17th of May of that year, he marched with Crook's great pack-train from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, and, on June 17, won the applause of the whole command by his gallant bearing at the battle of Rosebud Creek, where he and the professional packers under his command—all of them sharpshooters—greatly contributed to the repulse of the Sioux and Cheyennes who sought to break the centre of Crook's line. For this service he was mentioned in orders—a very rare compliment to a man not regularly enlisted or commissioned as a soldier.

At Slim Buttes' fight, on Sept. 9 of the same year, Mr. Moore, who, as usual, was in the van of conflict, had a narrow escape from death. As he rode down to the tepees placed in a ravine, which had been captured by Col. Anson Mill's detachment, four or five Indians, concealed in a small arroya, fired upon him, killed the mule he was riding, and put two bullets through the rider's coat. He immediately dropped flat on the ground and returned the fire, for he always went armed. Some soldiers and packers then came up and drove the Indians to cover, not, however, before they had done considerable damage. Had Mr. Moore been a man wanting in nerve, the savages, after killing his mount, would have rushed upon and butchered himself. He made light of his escape, but, nevertheless, joined cordially with the troops in repulsing Crazy Horse's evening attack on Crook's position.

"Tom Moore," as he was called by everybody, loved Gen. Crook with a fraternal affection. In fact they were inseparable for many years, and, as both dressed in about the same fashion, it was often difficult for strangers to tell which was the general and which the packer. Among his most esteemed assistants were Messrs. Delaney and McKinstry, both of whom took part in most of the Indian campaigns. Mr. Delaney, we believe, still lives, but McKinstry died the death of a soldier at Milk River crossing, Colo., when the Utes killed Major Thornton, and defeated his command, Sept. 29, 1879.

Tom Moore had reached the age of 62 when death summoned him. His passing will be widely lamented on the frontier and in the army, but his friends will be consoled by the knowledge that he "died in harness," as he was the chief packer of the military department of the Platte, of which Brigadier Gen. Coppinger has the command. Mr. Moore's last campaign was made with that officer when he recently moved against the Bannocks, and, no doubt, the privations of the march, at his rather advanced time of life, hastened dissolution. His campaigns are now at an end forever, but the western frontier, prolific in stalwart heroes, will not soon forget fearless Tom Moore.

DOWN with the ice robbers!

KENT has resigned the Commissionership of Public Works. Kent's other names are William Dennis, particularly the latter.

THERE will be a celebration of the natal anniversary of Thomas Moore at Kimball hall, Wabash avenue and Jackson street, on the evening of May 28, under the management of Prof. Thomas J. Purcell. The programme will embrace selections from Moore's melodies and the operas of Balfe and Wallace. It is expected that the celebration will be a great success. The price of admission will be 50 cents.

ED CULLERTON is "sifting out the hearts of men" as foreman of the May grand jury.

EX-REPRESENTATIVE JOHN T. QUINN, of this city, who had been mentally afflicted for some time, but of whose recovery ardent hopes were entertained until lately, died last week, greatly lamented by all who knew him in the days of his health and activity.

COLONEL ARTHUR PREUSS is about to move to St. Louis with his Review, chiefly for family reasons. We are sorry to lose Col. Preuss "from our midst," for, although he hits hard, and is often unjust to Irishmen, he has some really good points and is a racy writer. Let us continue to hear from you, Colonel.

MOTTO of the ice brigands: "In Sol we Trust."

THE statement published in many of the daily papers that the Rt.-Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, is in financial trouble, owing to depreciation of church property, will be received with deep regret by all American citizens, because Archbishop Ireland, by his manly and patriotic utterances, has done more to make friends for Catholicity among Protestant Americans than any man of his cloth in this country. It is denied in some quarters that the archbishop's affairs are so depressed as has been stated in some of the newspapers, but it is certain that he has suffered serious financial losses through the cause already stated. He has, however, thousands of devoted friends of all creeds, and we have no doubt he will soon recover from any temporary embarrassment in which the general "hard times" may have placed him.

A PUBLIC nuisance is a private "Trust."

THE Bazaar of nations at Milwaukee was a great success. Among the days set apart for "previous nationalities," that devoted to the Irish was conspicuous for large attendance and attractive services. The Germans and the French also made fine displays.

THE Rev. Father Hugh P. Smyth, of Evanston, has gone on a three months' vacation to Great Britain and Ireland. He will spend most of his time in the Green Isle, and may take a brief run on the continent of Europe. THE CITIZEN wishes Father Smyth bon voyage and safe return.

IT is wonderful how many "original" McKinley men have sprung up of late.

THE Dillon section of the Irish Parliamentary party has "cordially invited" John Redmond and his friends to unite with it in the coming National convention, to be held in Dublin. Mr. Redmond will not accept the invitation unless the Dillonites renounce the Whig alliance. This seems to us a reasonable condition. The Whigs are a snare as far as Ireland is concerned.

A BEAUTIFUL woman is a beautiful object—probably the most beautiful in creation—but when a beautiful woman poses as a "professional beauty" in a constrained, and consequently unnatural, attitude, she becomes not beautiful but ridiculous. So also with a beautiful woman who affects a flute-like voice, and talks broad English through a Yankee nose. Oh, dear!

THE warship Indiana got afire in her coal-bunkers, near the powder magazine, in the Brooklyn navy yard Tuesday. Lieut.-Commander Swift had his men so well in hand that the crowd of sight-seeing men and women on the deck knew nothing of the trouble until it was all over. Then the ladies all exclaimed: "Oh, how horrid!" and requested to be taken home.

THE venerable mother of Mr. P. H. Rice, one of Chicago's leading business men, died Friday of last week, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. D. W. Kelley, No. 38 Union Park place. She was 85 years old. Four sons and the daughter already mentioned survive her.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On Sunday, May 24, will commence the schedule games of the association at the new grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street, with two football games. The Emmets are pitted against the O'Connells, and the Innisfails will try conclusions with the Liberators. The Emmets are considered the strongest team on the west side, and the showing which the O'Connells made for the championship of last year (holding an equal claim with the Innisfails and Sarsfields) has made them high favorites and the game is certain to be closely contested. The Innisfails had an easy win over the Liberators last season, but the latter have added many new men to their team, and are certain to make matters interesting for the Innisfails, and may probably retire with laurels. The grounds are now in splendid condition and a large crowd is expected to visit the arena tomorrow.

IRISH ITEMS.

From a Friendly English Paper.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took
me by the hand,
And he said, 'How's poor old Ireland,
and how does she stand?'"

Mr. T. Morrison, of the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway company, has been appointed secretary of the Great Northern Railway company in the room of Mr. Plews, promoted to the general managership.

A petition has been presented to the Chief Secretary praying that the claims of women to share in the increased endowments expected for Irish university education may not be overlooked. The signatories to the memorial include many leading members of the Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian churches, a majority of the judges and university authorities, and nineteen professors and fellows of Trinity College.

An important Irish tweed manufactory, affording a large amount of employment, is carried on by Lady Lucan at Castlebar. The tweeds are made by the small tenant farmers in the long winter evenings. The women spin and the men weave, and they are paid for their labor directly they bring in the finished work. Beside the tweed industry, Lady Lucan has designed a very practical cloak, called the "Castlebar cloak," which is made of rough, warm cloth, with one or more capes, and can be produced in any color.

The corporation of Cork have unanimously adopted a scheme for the construction of electric tramways through the city.

At the quarterly meeting of the Operative Butchers' Trade union, recently held in Dublin, Mr. M. Peakin was unanimously elected president. In the room of Mr. Reid, resigned, and Mr. J. Long was re-elected secretary. The report showed that a substantial sum had been added to the reserve fund.

Mr. Patrick MacSwiney, a county Cork man, who has been for many years connected with the Court of the Vatican, has been created Marquis of Mashanaglass by the Pope, the name having been chosen from that of one of the McCarthy castles in West Muskerry. Mashanaglass, now only a ruin, stands close to the River Lee, about three miles from the town of Macroom.

The Irish Agricultural association has convened a Land Conference, to be held in Dublin on the 27th inst., to consider the best means to improve the new Land bill, so as to give substantial justice to the claims of Irish agriculturists, all parliamentary representatives, regardless of political distinctions, and representatives of corporate and poor law bodies being invited to attend. They are at a loss to know what real practical advantage the great bulk of the impoverished and embarrassed Irish farmers are to gain by the passing of the bill unless it is supplemented and amended and declared that the clause dealing with arrears of rent is worse than useless, as nearly all the arrears are the residue of rack rents and are never likely to be paid. For the purpose of fixing rent in the future they recommend that there should be two lay Commissioners appointed for each Poor Law union—one nominated by the landlords and the other by the tenants—and that a practical acquaintance with the current agriculture of the union should be made an imperative qualification for the lay commissioners.

The Irish Hotel Proprietors' association, the Irish Tourist association, and the Irish Cyclists' association are working energetically together for the purpose of removing every obstacle calculated to retard the development of the tourist traffic in Ireland. Even such minor but important details as the training of servants for hotels are receiving their careful attention: and it is a noteworthy fact that in this connection that in several convent schools and other places the teaching of subjects tending to make girls highly valuable as hotel servants is becoming a recognized system.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Drive Out the impurities from your blood and build up your system by creating an appetite and toning the stomach with Hood's Sarsaparilla, if you would keep yourself well.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

ROASTING "ROYALTY."

Reynolds' Newspaper, the Mouthpiece of English Republicanism, Tells in Plain English What It Thinks of Victoria and Her Expensive Brood.

The Qualities Which They Are Alleged to Possess Common Among Working People Who Are Not Paid and Pensioned for Being "Good-Natured and Kind-Hearted."

Some persons who do not closely follow the policy of Reynolds' Newspaper seem to think we take a special delight in abusing the royal family. Now we have repeatedly explained that it is the institution of monarchy which we attack, and we have often said that as to the individual members of the reigning house they are no worse than your average, dull, common-place men and women of the world.

But what we have denounced in this connection are the loathsome snobs and toadies who are constantly placing upon a pedestal the very ordinary individuals who compose the royal house; prostrating themselves before the shoddy shrine; and setting a demoralizing example of rank-worship to the youth of the nation. In this view it becomes the business of an honest journalist to tell the people they are being misled and to show how very poor and earthly are the images they are called upon to adore. The snobs, however, are so enamored of grovelling; they have such an instinctive desire to crawl, that they hate the truth to be told about their worthless gods. Grovel has with them become a religion; the non-grovellers are heretics and damned.

We confess that the gyrations of these Jack Puddings amuse us intensely. Think of a number of reasonable men putting on embroidered garments, donning a sword, and wasting half a day for the honour of being "presented" to the Prince of Wales at a function called the Levee. We notice that during the week Mr. Harry Marks, M.P. of Benn petition and other notoriety was so "presented" by no less a person than Mr. A. J. Balfour, the leader of the government in the house of commons. Is there any spectacle more revolting than that of a number of otherwise sensible people given up to the delirium tremens of flunkeyism? It would, we suppose, be as impossible for these zanies, pantaloons and pickle-herrings to resist this impulse, as for a worm not to crawl.

Peers, knights, and squires, in league combined,
Protect your good old mother;
For should the beldame miss her wind,
You'll ne'er see such another.

Her babes of grace, with tender care
She fed on dainty dishes;
And none but they have had a share
Among the loaves and fishes.

With the word "royal" we have associated, through the fairy books of our younger days, some notions of splendor, generosity, nobility. Where do we find these in connection with our royal family? The queen has led the life of a private woman. She has never set eyes on any of her colonies. She has never been in Asia, Africa or America. She might be the unknown occupant of some town vill a, so little has she personally bulked in the eyes of the nation. It is the parsons and other noodles who have given her a reputation by teaching young persons to sing "God Save the Queen," instead of "God Save the Nation," and heaping fulsome praise upon her on every occasion. In one way and another our royal family draw nearly £1,000,000 yearly from the taxes. And all we have got for it is an old lady who can scarcely write grammatical English (see her published books) and a gentleman, her son, whose face is familiar at race-meetings and baccarat saloons. We admit everything that can be said in favor of the queen. She is respectable and virtuous, we are constantly told. Yes; but so is our washerwoman. So are thousands of other ladies; but we do not maintain them at the public expense on that account. Similarly as to the Prince of Wales. He is affable, good-natured, kind-hearted. We have said so ourselves; but there are many men of our acquaintance who have all these qualities; yet we never think of establishing palaces and pensions for them. If that be all that can be said in favour of royalty, it simply concedes the case of its opponents.

We now hear that a fresh demand is to be made upon the public purse for an increased grant to the Prince of Wales on account of his family. No doubt the royalists in the house of commons, who do nothing for our aged poor, will willingly vote the money. Now if the prince is to receive an addition to his income there is an easy way of doing it without imposing an additional taxation. Large salaries are paid to a horde of aristocrats who fill ornamental posts about the court—gold sticks, quarterly waiters, and what not. Let these useless posts be abolished and the scandal of fresh grants to royalty will cease. But as Mr. Whittle Harvey said in 1837 when the Civil list was being settled, "There is great cunning in royalty; it will never forego anything so long as its fangs can cling to it."

We think the Prince of Wales might be well content with the liberal allowance he receives from parliament. Another demand will only raise anew the question of its usefulness, whether or not he is worth the money. It cannot be pretended that the Prince is much more than a tailor's dummy. Whatever his faults—and they are many and great—the German Emperor is, at least, a man and a ruler. We hear more of the prince in connection with the turf and in certain domestic relations than in any other way. To be a royal puppet and a nation's pensioner is no very gratifying position for any man of spirit. Sunday supper stories to actors at Marlborough House may be a very pleasant form of entertainment, but why should the nation increase Albert Edward's salary in consequence? Smiling and smirking, looking gracious, bowing to grotesque Aldermen, and all the pageant and flummery of State are unweighable in any balance, cannot be measured, counted, or estimated.

If the money received by royalty were expended in a suitable manner there might be less objection to the amount. But, as is well known, the queen for many years has been hoarding the greater part of her income, while of the portion expended everyone can observe that it is spent simply on the classes. For whom are the levees and drawing rooms, the state concerts and state balls? The classes. The masses are permitted to gaze at the idle folk going to the receptions of royalty through a double line of police. Beyond that they get no value out of state expenditure.

The prince, we notice, is about to visit Wales. The Welsh are a religious people. Many persons have been convicted and imprisoned for playing baccarat. The turf is the ruin of countless thousands. Will the pious Welsh overlook these things, because of the little word "royal" and allow themselves to be patronized by a baccarat-playing turfite? We ask this, not so much to depreciate the Prince of Wales, as to call attention to the scandalous cant and hypocrisy which pervade the country. What would be social ruin to an ordinary man is forgiven to a man of title. Indeed, the fawning reptiles not only forgive, but they regard a nod or a smile, from the conventionally great one, as a gift a little superior to anything that could be conferred by God.

We had written thus far when the news came that the late Baron Hirsch had left a million sterling to the Prince of Wales. This may be the means of preventing a further raid on the public purse. But it is suggested that this legacy is simply a discharge of ancient debts owing by the prince to the baron. We are afraid that if this be so the prince will be in an awkward position. He will not dare to confess to the nation the extent of his indebtedness, and in the popular mind he will be a rich man beyond the dreams of avarice.

It will be seen in what we have written that we are actuated by no personal animosity against any member of the royal family. We have examined them simply as an institution, as an important branch of the Constitution. In that regard they are just as much open to criticism as the house of parliament. It is only to be regretted that there are so many servile journalists in this country—men without the independence of spirit, breadth of view, or feeling themselves intellectually strong enough not to be afraid to write the truth—who by their utterances in the press tend to foster the natural inclination of the English people to toady to rank, and to worship royalty.

PRIVATE RILEY'S GRAVE.

BY PRIVATE WILL STOKES.

Hard to our aid the Seventh pressed—
They swept the foe away,
And then we laid our dead to rest
By morning's dewy ray.
Down by the brook a willow's screen
Checkered the glancing wave,
And deep its gnarled roots between,
We hollowed Riley's grave.

We washed away the blood-stains, too,
And smoothed the chestnut hair,
Then, in his overcoat of blue
We left him sadly there;
And none beheld the simple rite
Save we and God on high,
And, pausing in imperial flight,
An eagle's jeweled eye.

Somewhere back east in old New York
A mother's head will bend
In anguish for this dark day's work—
Her wild one's bloody end;
And Mamie's merry eyes grow dim
At mention of his name.
Whose kisses by the Hudson brim
Had touched her lips to flame.

The prairie flower will bloom in spring
Around the soldier's bed,
The brook in loitering circles sing
The dirges of the dead.
The desert winds in freedom sweep
Across the silent scene,
And loyal hearts forever keep
His memory fresh and green.

I drew the scapular from his breast
Before we left the bier,
And in a Sisters' church we passed
I placed the relic dear.
Bidding them, as with knights of old,
Sing Masses for his soul,
And lift his name in scroll of gold
To God's great muster-roll.

REMEMBER TONE AND '98.

Two years hence, it will be for us to celebrate the centenial of the grand struggle of the United Irishmen for Ireland's freedom. It was ordered that we should celebrate the defeat rather than victory, but thank God, we never blush for the name, nor fear to speak of '98. The spirit of that year is still with us and the men of to-day are as willing as were their forefathers to meet the British redcoats on the field.

It may be that in 1898 we shall plant the flag of freedom above the "croppies'" graves, and fling to the winds, above the ruin, of Dublin Castle, the green, white and orange of the young Irish republic. But should fate be still against us, should the long wished for opportunity not present itself, between now and then, let us at least have a great gathering of the Irish race from every quarter of the globe, in Ireland's capital to do honor to the memory of Wolfe Tone on the hundreth anniversary of the day in which he died for Ireland.

"The first apostle of Irish Union and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence" surrendered his life for his country, in a British dungeon in Dublin, Nov. 19, 1798.

On that day of his martyrdom in 1898, let us raise our hands to high heaven and swear by his blood never to rest until that connection between Great Britain and Ireland, which he pronounced a curse, has been severed.

Let it be no mere Home Rule gathering, for the exhibition of blatant orators of a parliamentary party, but a great assemblage of men pledged to follow after the immortal Tone.

But while making preparation for this, let us labor that we may not have to appear in the streets of Dublin by the toleration of the British Government, but with arms in our hands and victory on our banners.

Remember Tone and 98.'—Irish Republic, May 3.

GAELIC PROSE.

Cath Cluana Tairbh.

(D'aithris ughdar éigin.)

(Dublin Gaelic Journal.)

Do bhi Brian go sona siothchánta i g-Ceann Coradh agus ba h-é a bhean phóda an tráth sin deirbhshiúr Mhaolmórdha ri Laighean.

Athchuingis Brian ar righ Laighean trí scoilchrainn d'fhiodhaibh Coilleadh Gaibhle do chur chuige. Do baineadh na crainn le Maolmórdha mac Murchadha, agus triallais féin leo go Ceann Coradh, mar a raibh Brian an tráth sin. Agus thug fa deara ar Uibh Fáilghe crann diobh d' iomchur, crann eile ar Uibh Maireadhaigh, agus an treas chrann ar Uibh Faoláin. Táris Iomarbháidh chainte eatorra ag dul i n-aghaidh aoirde i g-Coill Ghaibhle, agus leis sin téid ri Laighean agus cuiris lámh fa'n gcrann do bhi ag Uibh Faoláin, agus an brat sróll thug Brian dó roimhe sin uime. Agus le méid na feadhma do chur an ri air féin fa'n gcrann, do bhris cos na cnaipe do bhi ann. Cidh trá acht, iar rochtain dóibh go Ceann Coradh, do dháil an ri an brat 's an cnaipe d'á shlair Gormfhlaith ban-chéile Bhriain. Agus iar n-a innsint di cionnus do chaill an deaig no an cnaipe a chos, do theilg sí urchor do san teinidh bhi 'na a fiadhnaise, agus is é adubhairt, ag tabhairt iomcháine ar a dearbhráthair: gur nár dó bheith fá dhaoirse no fá mhóghsaine ag neach san domhan, "an ni ná deárna neach d'á dtáinig reomhat. Agus an aileann tá," ar sí, "ná h-iarrfadh mac Murchadha no Brian an ni céadna ar do mhac-sa!"

Do chuaidh an cómhrádh sin go mór fá righ Laighean, agus be cámhthach é thrid.

Thárla do Mhurchadha mac Briain agus do Chonaing mac Donnchuain bheith ag imirt fidhchille le chéile. Gabhais ri Laighean ag teagasg beart ar Mhurchadh, go rug Conaing an cluithche air. Gabhais fearg agus loinne mhór Murchadh de sin, agus is é adubhairt le righ Laighean: "Is tá thug cómhairle do Lochlannaibh, d'ár briseadh dhóibh i g-cath Ghlinne Madhma."

D'fhreagair ri Laighean é agus is é adubhairt, "Má thugas cómhairle dhóibh ré'r briseadh diobh ins an geath sin, do bhéar cómhairle eile dhóibh d'á n-briadd diot-sa i geath eile." "A shláin sin fét!" ar Murchadh.

Ba feargach ri Laighean de'n chombagallamh soin, go nach fuarthas uaidh teacht do'n teach n-óla an oidhche sin.acht do chuaidh d'á theach leabtha, agus d'imthig go moch iar n-a bhairneach gan ceilesbhradh do Bhrian.

(LEANTAR DE SEO.)

NOTES—The geography and nomenclature of this piece are very instructive. The diction is purely idiomatic yet very simple Irish, such as every student should readily master. The account given of the battle of Clontarf is partly historical, partly romantic.

Ceann Coradh, áras Bhriain (Kincora).

Athchuingis, the old 8-preterite, third Sing., d'athchuing. This ending—is has been corrupted to-as, and modern grammarians have adopted for the title of "historical present." The initial consonant of this form is not aspirated. It must be distinguished from the relative form in-as of the present and future. Other instances of pret. 3rd sg. in-is in this chapter are: triallais, cuiris, gabhais, fillis, nochtais, amharcais.

Iomarbháidh cainte, a battle of words.

Aoirde or áirde, a height.

Feadhma, gen. of feidhm, effort.

Cnaipe, brooch, usually a button, coa, the pin of the brooch.

Iar rochtain dóibh, "tar a dis dóibh reachtain" would now be said.

Do dháil, gave, handed over.

Moghsaine, servitude; mogh, mugh, a slave.

Do chuaidh fá, troubled; cumhthach, sad; cumha, grief.

Conaing, hence O Conaing, Cunning, Cunning.

Loinne, fury; loan, fierce.

D'ar briseadh dóibh (by reason) of which it was broken of them (they were defeated).

Do bhéar, now do bhéarad, I shall give.

A shláin fét! I challenge or defy you to do it. Slán and dubhshlán are used in the sense of a challenge.

Fuarthas or fuaras-frith, irreg. pret. pass., "was got." "He could not be induced to come."

Money Made in a Minute.

I have not made less than $16.00 any day while selling Centrifugal Ice Cream Freezers. Anyone should make from $5 to $8 a day selling cream and from $7 to $10 selling freezers, as it is such a wonder, there is always a crowd wanting cream. You can freeze cream elegantly in one minute and that astonishes people so they all want to taste it, and then many of them buy freezers as the cream is smooth and perfectly frozen. Every freezer is guaranteed to freeze cream perfectly in one minute. Any one can sell ice cream and the freezer sells itself. My sister makes from $10 to $15 a day. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland Ave., Station A., Pittsburg, Pa., will mail you full particulars free, so you can go to work and make lots of money anywhere, as with one freezer you can make a hundred gallons of cream a day, or if you wish, they will hire you on a salary.

Charm of Color in Africa.

Though I must admit that South Africa, taken as a whole, offers far less to attract the lover of natural beauty than does southern or western Europe or the Pacific states of North America, there are two kinds of charm which it possesses. One is that of color. Monotonous as the landscapes often are, there is a warmth and richness of tone about them which fills and delights the eye. One sees comparatively little of that pale gray limestone which so often gives a hard and chilling aspect to the scenery of the lower ridges of the Alps and of large parts of the coasts of the Mediterranean. In Africa even the gray granite has a deeper tone than these limestones, and it is frequently covered by red and yellow lichens of wonderful beauty.

The dark basalts and porphyries which occur in so many places, the rich red tint which the surface of the sandstone rocks so often takes under the scorching sun, give great depth of tone the landscape; and though the flood of midday sunshine is almost overpowering, the lights of morning and evening touching the mountains with every shade of rose and crimson and violet, are indescribably beautiful. It is in these morning and evening hours that the charm of the pure, dry air is specially felt. Mountains fifty or sixty miles away stand out clearly enough to enable all the wealth of their color and all the delicacy of their outlines to be perceived; and the eye realizes, by the exquisitely fine change of color tinge between the nearer and the more distant ranges, the immensity and the harmony of the landscape.

Europeans may think that the continuous profusion of sunlight during most of the year may become wearisome. I was not long enough in the country to find it so, and I notice that those who have lived for a few years in South Africa declare they prefer that continuous profusion to the murky skies of Britain or Holland or north Germany. But even if the fine weather which prevails for eight months in the year be somewhat monotonous, there is compensation in the extraordinary brilliancy of the atmospheric effects throughout the rainy season, and especially in its first weeks.

During nine days which I spent in the Transvaal at that season when several thunder-storms occurred almost every day, the combinations of sunshine, lightning, and cloud, and the symphonies—of light and shade and color which their changeful play produced in the sky and on the earth, were more various and more wonderful than a whole year would furnish forth for enjoyment in most parts of Europe.—["Impressions of South Africa," by Prof. James Bryce, M. P., in the May Century.

TUBBERNEERING.

June 4, 1798.

BY JOHN C. O'NEILL.

Concerning this sanguinary action between the Insurgents and the Royal troops, in which the latter were almost annihilated, Mr. Plowden says: "The rebels surprised a division under Col. Walpole at a place called Tubberneering. The rebels instantly poured a tremendous fire from the fields and ditches on both sides of the road, and Walpole received a bullet in the head at the first fire. His troops fled in confusion, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy. They were pursued as far as Gorey, in their flight they were galled by the fire of some of the rebels who had taken station in the houses. The unfortunate loyalists of Gorey once more fled to Arklow with the routed army, leaving all their effects behind. While Walpole's division was attacked by the enemy, Gen. Loftus, being within hearing of the musketry, detached seventy men, the grenadier company of the Antrim militia, across the fields to its assistance, but they were intercepted by the insurgents and almost all taken or killed. The general, still ignorant of the fate of Col. Walpole's division, and unable to bring his artillery across the fields, continued his march along the highway, by a long circuit, to the field of battle, where he was first acquainted with the melancholy event. For some way he followed the rebels toward Gorey, but finding them posted on Gorey hill, from which they fired upon him the cannon taken from Col. Walpole, he retreated to Carnew; and still, contrary to the opinion of most of his officers, thinking Carnew an unsafe post, though at the head of 1,200 effective men, he abandoned that part of the country to the rebels, and retreated nine miles farther, to the town of Tullow, in the county of Carlow."

On the road to Tubberneering
Walpole's men are wildly cheering,
And the warm summer sun
Brightly gleams on sword and gun;
Cannon move upon the flanks,
Imposing are the marching ranks,
Blare of trump and flash of blade
Herald Walpole's bold brigade.

The bosom friend of Castlereagh
Gaily marches to the fray,
His soul aflame with martial fire,
And in his heart one keen desire—
To meet the brave United Men
On hill or valley, plain or glen;
To measure sword with deadly pike
For England and King George to strike
Against the Wexford chivalry
Arrayed for Land and Liberty.

Five hundred men from Carrigrew
Just as the British came in view,
Marched to man the ambuscade
Behind a stony barricade;
Rebel valor Walpole mocks,
But those who grimly guard the rocks
Shall make his red battalions reel
Before the shock of Irish steel.

The previous night with brag and boast
Walpole swore from the Irish coast
To drive the rebel dogs away
(But the victor crew before the fray).
Steady, man, the foe is nigh!
Hearken to that battle cry!
"Now's the day and now's the hour"
To show your brilliant martial power;
Braggart! all your men shall fall
'Fore rebel steel and rebel ball!

Walpole, halt, ere 'tis too late,
Man, you're hurrying to your fate,
The dew of death is on thy brow,
The final warning, hear it now;
See you bristling crescent line,
Soon your star will cease to shine,
Hear that furious sullen roar
Like angry breakers on the shore;
Walpole, 'tis the fierce defiance
Of men who place their sole reliance
On Irish muscle, blood and bone,
On native strength, on self alone
To fight the fight of liberty
Against the force of tyranny!

Riding like the furious wind
And gazing anxiously behind,
A horseman bounds across the plain,
And before the marching men draws rein:
"The foe's at hand! Fall back! fall back!
"Advance!" cries Walpole, "and attack!
Don't mind this bird of evil omen,
Yonder stand your rebel foemen,
Now for King and fair country,
Charge to death or victory!"

Down the road to Carrigrew
Like a flash the horsemen flew,
Stout Walpole, on charger white,
Bravely led them to the fight;
Now they reach the ambuscade
And face the rebel fusilade.
Three hundred guns with fiery breath
Vomit forth the hail of death.
Cannons roar and muskets roll,
To the earth sinks brave Walpole
Dead! He met a warrior's doom
Amid the cannons' thundering boom.

O'er ditch and dyke the rebels spring
Upon the soldiers of the King,
And as leaves in autumn fall
They sink 'neath sabre, pike and ball;
Nothing can avert defeat,
And few shall join the wild retreat;
The gory plain is heaped with dead,
The green is flying o'er the red;
Wexford, 'twas a gallant stand
For Freedom, Faith and Fatherland!

Walpole had been warned of the approach of the insurgents by a loyal Protname Thomas Dowling, whose intelligence he slighted. Col. Walpole felt so confident of victory that he received several wagers that the rebels would not sustain for twenty minutes the combined onset of the royal forces, aided as they were by more than a dozen corps of yeomen cavalry, and during the engagement he was conspicuously mounted on a white charger in full uniform and plumage.—Carlow Vindicator.

MARIAN.

BY P. T. M'G.

What name of every other name
My warmest heart-throb dares to claim
And fan my blood to wildest flame?
Marian.

What name is sweetest to mine ear,
What name is even half so dear
Of all the names I love to hear?
Marian.

What name my early passion moved,
What name my deepest faith has proved
And taught me that I really loved?
Marian.

What name fell like a golden ray
Of sunshine on a stormy day
Upon my clouded youthful way?
Marian.

What name has been my muse's theme,
Made earth to me like heaven seem,
My waking thought my sleeping dream?
Marian.

What name through many a weary year
Has been my solace and my cheer,
The strongest link to bind me here?
Marian.

What name when weighted down with care,
And Hope is yielding to Despair,
Steals o'er me like an angel's prayer?
Marian.

What name with undisputed sway
Reigns like the fairest Queen of May
Within my breast my own fair aye?
Marian.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

John Boyle O'Reilly Council.

John Boyle O'Reilly Council of the Irish National Alliance was organized on last Monday evening, May 18, at Ramwolf's Hall, Lock and Thirty-first street.

The following officers were elected:

William H. Joyce, President; John Lamey, Vice-President; Peter Doyle, Treasurer; Thomas Duffy, Recording Secretary; John Twomey, Financial Secretary. On motion it was unanimously decided to hold a grand mass meeting at Kaiser's hall, 2985 Archer avenue on Sunday, May, 24, at 2 p.m. The following speakers will address the meeting: W. H. Joyce, P. L. McArdle, Judge Marcus Kavanaugh and others.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received half rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Lyceum will be held on Thursday evening, May 28, in Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first street, commencing at 8 o'clock. The subject of the debate is:—"Ought Schools, Banks, Railroads and Telegraphs to be controlled by the State?" Several well-known speakers will participate in the debate, and in addition a very attractive musical programme has been prepared, so that a very pleasant time is assured. Those wishing to attend should make immediate application for free admission tickets to Thomas J. Sherlock, Secretary, 194 Dearborn avenue.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

RECEPTION BY FEEHAN COUNCIL.

Feehan Council of the Young Men's Institute gave a reception and banquet at Netherwood hall Tuesday evening. A musical and literary programme was also presented. The affair proved one of popular patronage and gratifying success. The officers of ceremonies consisted of: Messrs.—M. J. Donoghue, J. A. Gannon, Arthur Hamer, G. B. McIntyre, R. Finn, B. D. Duggan, John T. Lillis, F. J. Keough, Joseph Grady, William Brown and Rev. J. Jennings.

Among the participants in the musical entertainment were Miss Blondin, Miss Katherine Byrne and Mrs. Schoensteadt. Little Emma Walsh executed some graceful pirouettes in a gypsy dance. Rev. D. P. O'Brien, Rev. P. J. Muldoon, of Chicago, and Rev. Father Ryan, of Milwaukee, delivered brief addresses, in which they reviewed the progress of the organization with evident pride. The Illinois jurisdiction of the Young Men's Institute met during the day at the club-house of Sherman Council, Cass and Superior streets. Delegates were present from Illinois, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Colorado, Minnesota and Indian Territory. The convention is for the purpose of organizing a grand council.

HANDBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The handball championship of America will be decided Sunday, May 24, at Kennedy's hall, Thirty-Seventh and Wallace streets. The Chicago champions, Messrs. Louis Keegan and William Carney, will meet the representatives of Brooklyn, Messrs. Philip Casey and ex-Ald. James Dunne. A crowded house is expected, as the tickets are selling like hot cakes, at $2 each. The Chicago boys are in excellent condition and intend to keep the championship in the World's Fair city. They beat Brooklyn at New York on Feb. 22, on which occasion they were challenged to play for $1,000 a side. The money was promptly put up by Mr. Michael Kennedy, and is now deposited with the New York Sun.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 5:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p.m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

ST. JOACHIM'S CHURCH.

St. Joachim's Catholic church, Langley avenue and Ninety-first street, will be dedicated at 1:30 Sunday afternoon, May 24, with imposing ceremonies. Archbishop Feehan will conduct the ceremony, assisted by a large number of clergymen. The United States Juniors of the Jesuit parish, with fife and drum corps and the Sodality brass band will escort his Grace to the church, the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Catholic Order of Foresters acting as guard of honor.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Campania arrived at New York May 15, at 9 p.m.

The Lucania arrived at Queenstown May 15, at 9 a.m.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to the secretary, Francis Nolan O'Mahony, 354 East Chicago avenue.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

51 South Clark Street, Rooms 13, 13, 14.

President, J. J. Mahony.
Vice President, J. T. Keating.
Recording Secretary, T. J. McCarthy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, Laurence Henely.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Carroll, John McCaffrey.

Information Wanted.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Peter Reilly, last heard from four years ago at 3661 Bloom street, and who resided previously at 3637 Marshfield avenue, Chicago, and who married a young lady named Hannah Dillon, who has since died, will confer a favor on his anxious friends by communicating with his sister, Maggie Reilly, 165 East One Hundred and second street, New York city.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill

IN JOYFUL YUCATAN.

A TRAVELING GROCERY MAN WAXES ELOQUENT IN PRAISE.

He Talks of Bread That Grows In Nuts, Milk That Comes From Trees, Sirup That Gathers on Ants' Backs and Light That Shines From Leaves.

"Seems to me that I ought to be sorry I went down there, now," said John Gilbert, the traveling grocery man, who recently returned from a six weeks' stay in Yucatan. "I don't see how I can go ahead and resume the rounds that my business calls for without a sigh and a regret, that, go where I may in my native land, I will look in vain for the tree that in those tropical climes gave me light by night, for the tree that gave me my daily bread, and the one that gave me milk for my coffee, to say nothing of the pleasing and bulbous ant that gave me the sweetening for it. Time and cash customers may wear down and blunt the edge of this regret, but it is sharp now, and I really suppose that I ought to be sorry I went down there.

"I didn't know anything about these remarkable specimens of the vegetable and animal kingdoms when I first struck that country, but I noticed that the bread we had in camp was very good and the milk very choice and creamy, while the coffee was deliciously sweetened. One morning I heard the cook of our party hollering out orders to the Indian guides.

"'Here, you!' he hollered. 'Hurry up and pick some bread! And there ain't a bit of milk! Go bore for some right away! And say, you dago over yonder, what's the matter of you straining some sugar out o' them ants?'

"This was a little astonishing to me, and I asked for information. Then I found out all about it.

"The tree that gave the bread we ate down there doesn't look a bit as if it would do it. But I found out that looks are deceptive under the equator. The bread isn't bread exactly when it is first picked, but it is a nice, stiff dough inclosed in a nutshell about the size of a goose egg. They crack the shell, take out the dough, knead it a little, and it is ready for baking. By thinning it down to a batter with the milk they get from another tree, our camp cook used to make first rate pancakes out of it. The day I came away he strained the sweetening out of a quart of ants, mixed it up with a batch of the dough and made sweet cake that would have been good enough for anybody's folks to set out before company.

"The ants that supply the honey, or sirup, or whatever it might be called, are worth traveling all the way down there on a mule to see. They are about the size of a small peanut, and on their back is a transparent sack that they distil honey into until they swell up as big as a good sized marble. You can scoop these ants up by the peck. They make this honey to feed their young on, but they are so good natured and so susceptible to familiarity that all one has to do is to tickle them under the fore shoulder and they will give you every drop of honey they have in stock and then go meekly off to fill up again.

"But this accommodating ant isn't one whit more curious than the tree that acts in the capacity of dairy down there. This tree has a big leaf, so tough and leathery that they use it for half soling shoes. When they want to milk one of the trees, they bore a hole in the trunk, and it lets down a sap as white and as sweet as any milk you ever read about in summer hotel advertisements. To get sweet milk out of this vegetable cow, though, you must milk it early in the morning. After the sun has been up two or three hours the tree gives sour milk. They tell a weird tale down there about a vengeful snake and a foolhardy Indian. The snake is of the deadly venomous aphidian family familiar in the tropics by a queer Indian name which I can't remember and which I couldn't pronounce if I did remember it. In English it is bushman. This particular snake had a nest of young ones, and the Indian was foolhardy enough to steal them. The mother snake followed the Indian to his hut only to find the dead bodies of her offspring lying about with their heads smashed. The mother snake disappeared. Next morning the Indian went out and tapped his cow tree for milk, and returning drank it for his breakfast. He had scarcely swallowed it when he began to double up and howl. His eyes bulged out and his cheeks turned fiery red and with a yell fell dead.

"'The bushman!' cried his wife. 'The bushman has stung him!'

"He had all the symptoms that follow the bite of that cheerful serpent, but nowhere about him could the marks of the deadly fangs of one be found upon the dead Indian. Later they found the mother bushman lying dead in the bushes near the cow tree. In the trunk of the tree, deeply embedded, they discovered her poison fangs. Then the terrible truth was revealed. The snake, despoiled of her family, had avenged herself on the despoiler. She had mingled her venom with the milk in the tree, and the Indian had drunk of it deeply and met his awful fate.

"But the tree that gives light interested and amazed me more than the others. This tree doesn't grow more than 10 or 12 feet high, but three of them would light a pretty good sized house. If you rub its leaves smartly between your hands they will glow in the dark like a lightning bug. As soon as night comes the leaves on this tree begin to shine as if they were so many electric lights. Looking off across country, one can see scores of the trees shining here and there in the darkness like beacon lights set in the hills. The Indians call it the witch tree, and I don't blame them. It gives the best light after it has been drenched with water, and so if the tree begins to grow a little dim all they have to do is to douse two or three pails of water over it, and it is just like giving the wick of a lamp a turn or two higher."—New York Sun.

THE BLACK CASTLE.

A Stronghold and Palace Erected by King Herod In Judea.

Eastward from the dull and almost waveless waters of the Dead sea there is a wild and gloomy land of mountainous heights and dark, precipitous ravines. On one of the highest points of rock, overlooking the surrounding country, Herod had constructed over the ruins of a former fort the stronghold and palace of Machærus, or "The Black Castle." A town had grown up near by, with heathen temples, a theater and places of trade and manufacture. The palace had been made so splendid that Herod preferred it as a residence, especially as it was close to the frontier of Judæa, and as from it he could readily go to any other part of his dominions unwatched and unimpeded. Here at least he could do whatever he pleased, and all prisoners were at his mercy.

It was by no means safe for a stranger to draw near to the frowning gates of the citadel of Machærus, but the disciples of John did come, again and again, only to be refused admission. For a long time therefore the baptizer was in comparative ignorance of what might be going on in the great world beyond the castle walls. Its kings might come or go, its kingdoms might rise or fall, its cities might prosper or perish, and no news of all could penetrate the solid stone that walled him in.

A deep, dark, rock hewn room was that dungeon under the citadel of Machærus. High up near the outer level was a cell with one small window and a heavy barred and grated door.

Its occupant was a gaunt, tall, uncouth man in a coarse tunic of camel's hair girded with a broad belt of leather. He had preached to multitudes, and he and his disciples had baptized vast numbers. He had actually brought about an important reformation in public morals; but, more than all, he had proclaimed himself one sent to declare the speedy coming of another "mightier than I," concerning whom the people who heard John obtained only a vague idea. But John's hearers were encouraged to expect the king who was to restore the throne and crown of David.

Whatever John had understood or expected, his work seemed ended, for there was no possible escape from Herod's dungeon.—W. O. Stoddard in St. Nicholas.

A HAWK THAT HERDS COWS.

An Educated Bird That Is a Wonder In Its Way.

Two miles north of the little town of Oxford, in Orange county, N. Y., James Cloyd owns a farm which borders on the road to Bloomington Grove. He is the owner of what is probably the most remarkable hawk in the world.

This hawk brings home a herd of 75 cows every evening and gathers in the stragglers and keeps the herd together even more effectually than Hiram Cloyd, the son of the farmer, used to do. Hiram had killed the parent hawk, which had been stealing chickens, and took this one from the nest. As it grew up he made a pet of it and took it with him every evening when he went out to bring the cows in.

One day Hiram cut his foot so that he could not walk. His father was absent, and when 5 o'clock came and went without Hiram putting in an appearance, Abe, the pet hawk, flew out of the barn and away. In half an hour or so Mrs. Cloyd heard a noise like cows moving together along the road, and on looking out of the window saw the whole herd coming along apparently alone. She ran out to the gate to find out what was the matter, and on nearing the fence to take down the bars she saw Abe perched on the horn of the last cow, surveying the scene with apparent satisfaction. When a cow lagged or loitered by the wayside, the hawk flew at it fiercely, making it quicken its movements to keep from being struck by its great wings. He then went back to his curious perch, from which he watched for stragglers.

After that day Abe always brought the cows in, starting punctually at 5 o'clock on his task, and generally rounding them up inside of half an hour. Since the story of the hawk's accomplishment has become known many people have visited the farm to see the performance. Numerous visitors have waited along either side of the road watching the herd and their novel keeper go by.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Shirt Waist Collars.

The scheme to have detachable collars with shirt waists is a very happy thought of somebody, and the quick popularity of this style of waist attests its general favor. One waist will easily retain its freshness to wear through two collars, now that the shirt waist is such only in name and does not necessarily mean a bodice with a shirt front. Some dressmakers also make up the stylish shepherd's plaid silk waists to be worn with linen collars—white linen, of course, being preferred—though a few plain batiste collars have been seen.—New York Times.

Dangerously Near.

Passenger (to train boy)—You probably did not know when you put this book in my lap that I was the author.

Train Boy—Did you write that book?

Passenger—I did.

Train Boy—Then you had better keep mighty quiet about it. I just sold a copy to the man back of you.—Harlem Life.

Unsatisfied.

Elsie (petulantly)—Mamma, I don't like these toys.

Mamma—Why, Elsie, you said just now you were pleased with them.

Elsie (pensively)—Sometimes I don't even like what pleases me.—Christian Advocate.

While wild geese are on the wing, they are talkative and noisy, but when they alight to feed, as they do generally at night, they are so quiet that one may pass within a few yards of 100 of them and never notice their presence.

WAYS OF ALLIGATORS

THE SAURIAN AT CLOSE RANGE IN HIS FLORIDA HOME.

How the Female Lays Her Eggs and Cares For Her Young—A Mother Will Fight Anything That Threatens Her Babies. Diet and Luxuries of Alligators.

One of the sights most eagerly watched for by the newly arrived Florida visitor, as he glides over the lakes and rivers of that genial land, is the alligator. A few years ago this desire was easily gratified, but the great saurian is comparatively rare nowadays along the older routes of travel. This is due partly to the bullets of the visitors and partly to the shots and traps of the more legitimate alligator hunter, who finds in that pursuit the chief means of support for himself and his family.

It is in the dense fastnesses of the inland swamps and everglades that alligators may be seen in great numbers on a bright day, basking in the sunshine. They are gregarious and love to assemble in such places, where they bring their two rows of strong teeth together with a prodigious clatter and roar with a noise that resembles thunder.

The female makes her nest in the sand near the water's edge, scraping a hole with her paws and dropping the eggs in a regular layer. Then she scrapes grass, leaves, mud and sand over them, on these places another layer, and so continues alternate layers until the nest contains from 30 to 40 eggs. As the hole is rarely deep enough to hold all these, the result is a decided mound easily detected by the experienced hunter, who finds ready sale for the eggs as curiosities. They are white, hard shelled and rather larger than a hen's egg. If he prefers to await their hatching, he secures a fine lot of little alligators, for which also there is always a ready sale.

While she thus leaves her prospective children to the doubtful guardianship of the earth, the mother does not desert them. Patiently she keeps watch over the nest in which they lie, never allowing that mound of sand to be long out of her sight. How she knows exactly when the little folk are ready, like the emancipated chicken, to step out of their shells and take their first peep at the world, who shall say? But, all the same, it is a fact that, however far afield her excursions may previously have been, the day and the hour of that happy event in her family circle find her on the spot ready to gather the little ones under her wing, as it were, and lead them to their future home in the water that lies before them.

This watchful care the mother continues until her babies are old enough to forage for themselves and their scales are firm enough to enable them to dispense with her protection. The extent to which the young alligators or crocodiles require this watchful care can hardly be realized by those that are not familiar with their habits, for the little ones are terribly persecuted by birds and beasts and even by their kinsmen, the bull alligators, which sometimes eat a dozen or two of their own children at a meal. The mother on such occasions has been known to turn and fight the unnatural monsters with such fury as to put them to flight. It is not only the bull alligator that she will attack when alarmed for the safety of her young—she often holds the most experienced hunters at bay until her little charges have time to flee to a place of safety.

The sight presented by the mother, surrounded and followed by a whole brood of her little ones, is a pleasing one, but let an enemy come in view and the scene ceases to be pleasant. In the twinkling of an eye the little ones dash away into the mysterious shadows, and the placid mother becomes transformed into a raging fury, fairly churning the quiet waters into waves in her mad rush to do battle with the intruders. Without this incentive of maternal affection, however, it is but seldom that an alligator or a crocodile attacks a human being.

The lower animals are less fortunate. Cattle in the far south, where the open ranges and shallow waters extend a tempting invitation to roam, are sometimes seen with shortened tails, an abbreviation for which the wily alligator is responsible. Pigs rooting too near the water's edge and unobservant of the log-like form lying close at their side are often caught by a lightninglike sweep of the alligator's formidable tail.

But the most cherished of all tidbits to an alligator is a nice, plump dog. The saurian's peculiar attraction toward this animal is so well known to hunters that they frequently imitate the yelp of a dog to entice their prey within range, and the call never fails of its purpose. The squeal of a pig is almost as effective.

These dainty bits, however, are rather in the line of luxuries. For a steady, everyday diet the alligator depends upon fish, and it haunts those localities in rivers or lakes where its natural prey most abounds. It catches the fish by diving swiftly under a passing shoal and snatching two or three in its open jaws as it passes through the shoal. Then, rising to the surface, it tosses them in the air, for the purpose of ejecting the water that has entered its mouth along with the fish, and adroitly catches them in their descent.—Helen Harcourt in Philadelphia Times.

Latitude of Tint.

She colored deeply.

A girl in an ordinary story would have blushed red.

But she was in a problem story with poster illustrations.

Accordingly, in view of the uncertainty, she merely colored.—Detroit Tribune.

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination.—Hume.

Snails were once thought to be a cure for consumption.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

A Peculiar Charm Possessed by South African Scenery.

A peculiar charm which South African scenery possesses is that of primeval solitude and silence. It is a charm which is differently felt by different minds. There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls "the rich works of men" essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens and orchards, farmhouses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labor, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which evokes the sense of sympathy with our fellow men and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse.

No one is insensible to these things, and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self sufficientness of nature, the insignificance of man, the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and forever undiscoverable—these things are more fully realized and more deeply felt when one traverses an immense wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages when hill and plain and valley were molded into the forms we see today.

Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveler in South Africa. They affect him in the Karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which his train creeps all day and all night across long stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern, dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound upon the Witwatersrand and the palpitating engine drags masses of ore from the depths of the crowded mine. They affect him still more in the breezy highlands of Matabeleland, where the eye ranges over an apparently endless succession of undulations clothed with tall grass or waving wood, till they sink in the blue distance toward the plain through which the great Zambesi takes its seaward course.—Professor James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

MASCULINE MEDICINE CHESTS.

Every Man Carries His Favorite Remedy Always With Him.

It is customary for men to sneer good naturedly at the physical weaknesses of the opposite sex, but women would doubtless be surprised could they know how generally the medicinal remedy habit permeates the ranks of their masculine friends. Think over your list of male acquaintances and pick out the few who have no ailments and carry no bottles, powders or prescriptions. They will be very few indeed, unless your list includes but very young men.

It has been said that every woman knows the best face wash on earth and is willing to part with her secret only on compulsion, but will try anything else suggested by a friend. But men are the most obstinate believers in sovereign remedies. Every man carries at least one remedy in his inside pocket and is willing to unload it on anybody who will listen or dare to test its infallibility. I have known four or five healthy looking men in a group, not one of whom would be suspected of ever being ill, draw concealed vials of pellets and little unsuspected boxes of pills and astonishingly worded prescriptions from their confidential hiding places and discourse most learnedly upon their miraculous powers.

In every case of this kind there has been at some time, more or less remote, an apparent justification of merit claimed, from which time and thenceforth forever that particular individual goes contentedly and even boastingly bound to that medicinal chariot wheel.—New York Herald.

Useful Gum Chewing.

Even so disagreeable a habit as gum chewing may once in a great while serve a useful purpose, as witness an incident narrated by the Chicago Journal:

A guest was washing his ring in a washbowl, when the diamond came out and started for the sewer. It could be seen at the turn in the pipe, but was out of reach.

The clerk of the Auditorium annex, in which the accident occurred, appeared on the scene. He was equal to the emergency. He called a bellboy and sent for a package of chewing gum. When it was brought, the boy chewed gum as he never had before. Then putting the soft, plastic quid on the end of a long lead pencil, he reached for the diamond. His aim was true. The diamond stuck in the gum and was brought out safely.

Obliged to Give Up His Elephant Chops.

"We used to have elephant chops for breakfast regularly in Africa," said a traveler who has just returned to the city after a long absence, "and occasionally we have them here, and I like 'em, but we live in a flat, the kitchen is small, we can't get but one chop into it at a time, and the cook has to stand out on the fire escape and turn it with a pitchfork, and it's such a slow, inconvenient way of cooking them that I suppose we'll have to give 'em up."—New York Sun.

His Excuse.

Magistrate—You're charged with stealing some diamond studs. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Well, yer worship, the card on which was the studs was marked "collar studs," so I took it as an invitation, an did collar 'em!—London Fun.

IN WHIST.

No matter what your partner does,
Remain urbane and bland.
Don't even say his game is one
You cannot understand.
The more misplays that he may make
The more you'll smile and say
You often make a like mistake;
Did it but yesterday.

If adversary should revoke,
Don't claim the penalty.
"A little slip like this is one
That every day we see."
And should he merit it or not
Pay compliments on skill.
Don't miss this opportunity
Of gaining his good will.

The others will not like it
If you win the game each day
So, when gaining, praise your partner;
'Tis his scientific play.
Showing joy or disappointment
You must manage to resist
If you'd have the others love you
And be popular at whist.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

SHALL BOYS GO TO COLLEGE?

Some Are Fitted For Life, and Others Are Unfitted by College Training.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in his paper to young men in The Ladies' Home Journal, discusses "Shall We Send Our Boy to College?" answering the query with the assertion, "That depends a great deal on the boy." He announces himself to be a thorough believer in the college, but holds that "it might not be best for him (our boy) to go to college; it might not be best for the community that he should. College can fit a man for life, and also it can unfit him. There are styles of education that disqualify the student for doing what he is competent to do, without qualifying him to do that which he might like to do, but for which he lacks and always will lack the prerequisites. As a general principle, the more a man knows the better, but so long as the present order of things continues a great amount of very ordinary work will require to be done, and ordinary people will do ordinary work better than extraordinary people will and be a great deal more comfortable while doing it. Hordes of both sexes are entering college for the reason that they do not enjoy doing commonplace things. The result is that commonplace things are left undone, and uncommonplace things fare still worse. Agriculture is the material basis of a nation's strength and prosperity. We could dispense with either lawyers, doctors or ministers better than we could with farmers.

"Probably we should not quarrel so much if there were fewer students of the law, should not be sick so much if there were fewer students of medicine, and should not be so wicked if there were fewer students of theology. All of these could contribute liberally to the ranks of the agriculturalists with advantage to the professions and to the grain and vegetable markets. I am not disparaging anybody, neither am I saying that it would not be a good thing, in itself considered, if every one, however material or menial his occupation, could receive all that the finest school or college training could confer, but that is not practicable at present and never will be till people get over thinking that there is a disgrace attaching to the doing of ordinary things."

Old Coaching Days.

The old coaching days, as far as convenience for travel was concerned, were the dawn of the great days of our present rapid means of communication. The 70 years or so in which mail coaches waxed and flouriahed and finally died out before the incursion of railways and steam engines have a decided flavor of romance attached to them, and no doubt the coming and going of stagecoaches lent a certain amount of color and interest and life to the country places and towns through which ran the great main coaching roads. The Bath road, the Dover road, the York road were highways of communication along which rolled the heavy private coaches and chariots of the country magnates, and the stagecoaches with their steaming horses passed the various stopping places with the regularity of clockwork.

These stagecoaches, with their complement of coachmen and guards, afforded endless subjects of interest and illustration to the artist and the literary men of the day. Imagine Charles Dickens without stagecoaches and denuded of all his vivid descriptions of the scenes such as those in the yard of the White Hart inn, High street, Borough, in "Pickwick," or of the mail coach on the Dover road in "A Tale of Two Cities." It is difficult for the present generation to realize the fatigue and the wintry cold of such long journeys, when frozen feet were enveloped in a little straw, and a "shawl" folded round the neck was thought to be a fit protection against the keen night air, a strong contrast to the luxurious cushioned carriages, hot water tins and fur lined rugs and greatcoats of the present day.—London Spectator.

A Boy's Composition on "Hens."

"Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their vittles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of them. The outside of hens is generally put into pillars and feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they will dig up more plants than anything that ain't a hen."—London Tit-Bits.

Both at Once.

"How do you feel, Bill?" asked the sympathizing friend.

"Some better," answered the wounded cowboy. "I guess it won't be long 'fore I kin get round an get square."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

California has been named the Golden State, from the mines of precious metal discovered in 1848, which have since proved a source of enormous riches to that commonwealth.

Carriage drivers in France receive $4.82 a week, in England $5.15, in Germany $3.21 and in Italy $2.60.

ARIZONA'S MOUNTAIN PUZZLE.

Is It a Hole Through an Inaccessible Peak or Only a Natural Mirror?

For the last half century the American residents of Tucson, A. T., have been trying to solve a mystery in the shape of what appears to be a hole through a mountain peak in plain sight from the town. In the rarefied air it looks to be only a short distance away, when in reality it is at least 40 miles. The earliest residents noticed the phenomenon, and the only difficulty that lay in the way of finding out just what it was was the fact that it was inaccessible, and when they came anywhere near the spot the hole disappeared from sight. In fact, it can only be seen from within a few miles of Tucson, and this has led many people to believe that it is not a hole at all.

By the aid of a good marine telescope the mountain can be brought to within a few miles, but not near enough to tell the exact nature of the rock formation. An astronomical telescope cannot be focused on it, as the mountain is too near. A first peep through the glass would lead one to believe that there was no mystery about it. The hole appears as plain as possible, but several days' study of the spot will develop the fact that the hole does not always look the same. Many days when the sky is dark behind the mountain the hole will appear a brilliant white, like a snowdrift, and on days when the sky is blue it will often look so dark as to be almost invisible. These facts have led many to think that it is an immense piece of mica lying with its polished surface toward the sky and reflecting the cloud formations of another part of the horizon instead of being the light seen through a hole. Viewed with the naked eye the hole simply appears as a white spot, but the telescope reveals pine trees and other details, although very indistinctly.

The range of mountains in which the strange peak can be seen is known as the Catalinas, and numerous parties have made the attempt to climb it, but all have failed on account of the steep and rugged precipices in the vicinity. The peak is a high one and can be seen from any point in the journey toward it, but when ten miles out of Tucson the hole can no longer be seen, even with the aid of a glass. This can be explained on the mica theory, as a surface of that material would not reflect a ray of light toward a person's eye after they got out of its angle of projection.—San Francisco Call.

LIFE WITH THE CIRCUS.

Incidents Attending the Visit to a Laundry of a High Collar.

"Walking along the streets one day in a town where we were showing," said a retired circus man, "the old man saw in a laundry window a sign reading 'Collars and cuffs 2 cents.'

"'Do you take any kind of collars at that price?' he asked the laundryman.

"'Yes; oh, yes,' said the laundryman. 'Everything goes here.'

"We had a giraffe at the time that we used to dress up for the evening parade in a sort of a dude costume with a high collar reaching from its shoulders up to under its head. The old man got one of the giraffe's collars and had it sent down to the laundry to be done up. When the laundryman opened the bundle and spread it out on the counter, he says, 'What's this?' and the man that had brought it down said that it was one of the giraffe's collars.

"'By gosh! That's so,' said the laundryman, just as though giraffe's collars used to be a common item of the wash in his laundry, but he hadn't had very many come in lately and they'd kind o' escaped his mind.

"'Five o'clock,' he said when the man asked when it would be ready, and at 5 o'clock the man found it waiting for him done up in a roll about as big as a stovepipe.

"'How much?' he asked.

"'Two cents' said the laundryman and he swept the 2 cents off the counter into the drawer without turning a hair. He was game plumb through. But the old man was no chump. He sent the laundryman a dollar, which was about what the work was worth, and a couple of complimentary tickets. That night the laundryman came to the circus. He was just as cool as ever, but you could see that he was pleased, easy enough when he saw the giraffe come out wearing the collar that had been done up in his laundry."—New York Sun.

"Clean" Money.

A clerk in the redemption division of the treasury department says that the "cleanest" paper money in circulation is that which circulates in Washington, while the dirtiest is that which comes in from Chicago for redemption. St. Louis is a close second to Chicago, and Cincinnati next. New York is next to Washington in the record for clean money, Philadelphia next, while Baltimore ranks next to Cincinnati for having dirty money. The money that comes in from Chicago, besides being dirty, is always much mutilated, so much so, he said, that there is twice as much time consumed in patching it up prior to cancellation as there is in counting it.—Washington Star.

Took It Literally.

A little maiden of 7 years attended the wedding of an elder brother. The Episcopal service, heard for the first time, made a deep impression on her mind. A few days after, she called to see the bride and found her sitting on her husband's lap. Looking at them wistfully for a few moments, she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, I see—to have and to hold."—Exchange.

Queer.

"There is always one thing I can't understand when a valuable dog is poisoned."

"Well, what is it?"

"The loss always occurs the day after the owner has refused $500 for the beast."—Chicago Record.

TWO MEETINGS WITH MILES.

One In Pasadena, Cal., and the Other In Los Angeles.

"One night in the office of the Hotel Raymond in Pasadena, Cal.," said a traveler, "I met General Nelson A. Miles. I was introduced to him by Major Ben C. Truman. The office was a big apartment with a great fireplace on one side of it. There were large rocking chairs scattered about for the comfort of guests who chose to sit there, and it was a room to which ladies did not hesitate to come if they had occasion to visit it.

"On this night there was a fire in the great fireplace, perhaps as much for cheerfulness' sake as anything else, and the big room was decidedly a pleasant place. General Miles, Major Truman and myself sat there until 11 o'clock. The general talked freely and most interestingly, and to me it was a most enjoyable evening. I had always had the heartiest admiration for General Miles—I had been a soldier myself—and I thought I should always remember that evening with gratification.

"The next morning, while going out of the Hotel Nadeau in Los Angeles, I met a gentleman who said 'Good morning.' I stopped and talked, but I could not possibly recall him. Presently he said:

"'You don't remember me.'

"'I said I did not.

"'My name is Miles,' he said.

"Well, I wished that the Hotel Nadeau had been getting in coal and that there had been a convenient coal hole open for me to slide into, but there wasn't, and I did the best I could under the circumstances, which I guess was poor enough, but the general was perfectly good humored about it, for which I was profoundly thankful.

"Seeing the general in a different light, or amid totally different surroundings and when I had least expected to meet him, coupled perhaps with some degree of natural absentmindness on my part, had brought this discomfiture upon me, and chagrin over this second encounter with General Miles has always materially lessened my enjoyment of the first."—New York Sun.

SUGAR MAKING IN CUBA.

The Crude Methods That Were In Use Twenty Years Ago.

Twenty years ago, in those times of slavery and high prices, but little attention was given to machinery or engineering. Planters were content to get what tonnage of cane they could from an acre of land.

The cane was brought to the sugar house, where the laborers slowly put it on the carrier, passing it to the mill, where it was rolled or ground between the rolls of a three roller mill to extract the juice, getting an extraction of 55 per cent out of a possible 85 or 88 per cent of the whole weight in the cane.

The cane was brought to the sugar house "train," which was a set of four or five kettles set in brickwork, having a strong fire under the smallest or "strike" kettle. The flames passed under and around all the kettles, the unconsumed gases escaping through a chimney. The combustion was so imperfect that at night flames could be seen many feet high, coming from the top of the chimney.

The largest of these kettles received the raw juice, and there it was limed and skimmed as the impurities rose. It was then ladled to the next kettle in succession, each time being thickened in density and reduced in bulk by evaporation until it arrived at the "strike" kettle, where a skilled attendant knew the exact point at which to stop the fire and ladle out the mass into the crystallizing pans, in which it was allowed to cool.

In a few days it was firm enough to be taken out, placed in hogsheads and allowed to drain in the storehouses, losing at least one-sixth in dripping molasses. The hogsheads were then repacked and placed on carts and drawn many miles to the railroad for shipment to the merchants' stores at the seacoast, where they were again allowed to drain, were repacked, reweighed and sold, thus piling up an expense account that made the profits look slim; but, as sugar was selling at a high rate, these expenses could be borne.—A. W. Colwell in Cassier's Magazine.

International Arbitration.

The real obstacle in the way of international arbitration is not so much a lack of efficacy in the method as the lack of a disposition to try it. The system of arbitration necessarily presupposes that nations desire an amicable adjustment of their differences. Such an adjustment may be prevented either by a willful opposition to it or by the adoption of a style of controversy that will render argument impracticable. Against such obstacles it is difficult to contend, since their direct tendency and effect is to bring about a collision before an arbitrator can intervene. It is obvious that arbitration can no more afford an absolute safeguard against such contingencies than can a system of municipal law absolutely prevent men from attempting to settle their differences by fighting in the street, if they desire thus to revert to primal conditions. Yet severe penalties, strictly enforced, may reduce such chances to a minimum, and it is conceivable that a scheme of international action might be devised so comprehensive as to render a resort to war exceedingly difficult and hazardous."—"The Possibilities of Permanent Arbitration" in Century.

Social Life Long Ago.

The stately dames of the court of Edward IV rose with the lark, dined at 11 a. m. and retired to rest at 8 in the evening. Henry VIII went back to 10 in the morning for dinner and had supper at 4. In Queen Bess' days her maids of honor began the day with a round of beef or red herring and a flagon of ale for breakfast at about 6:30 and dined at 11, and then went to the playhouse in the afternoon, not later than 2, sometimes as early as 12:30, according to the order of the play and the day.

THE PAWNBROKER.

His Life Not a Happy One From His Own Point of View.

"Yes," said the pawnbroker, "the public has an idea that we are a hard hearted lot, but that is only one side of the story. A man in this business who had tears to shed wouldn't have a roof over his head inside of a year."

"You mean you can't afford to pity the misfortunes of others on a cash basis?" I queried.

"Very few people come here on account of misfortune. You saw the young man who went out as you came in?"

"Yes—an actor, eh?"

"Very likely. Here's a watch he brought. The works are second class and the cases filled. I can buy a carload at $15 apiece. He was hard up and came here to make a raise. He said his wife was dying, and he wanted $25 on the watch. When I offered him $5, he wept, but if you'll follow him two blocks you'll find him in a saloon, spending part of the money. Nine out of ten customers don't hesitate to lie, and ten out of ten would beat your Uncle Isaac if they could."

"But people pawn their clothes to get food," I said.

"Perhaps so. Here's a dress a woman brought in an hour ago. She also wept. She had a story about sickness and hunger, and she declared this was her wedding dress. From certain earmarks I know she bought this dress secondhand. I know she paid $4 for it. I strained a point when I offered her $3, but she'll go out and call me a highway robber."

"But you never get taken in and done for?"

"Don't I? Well, I'd like to see the pawnbroker who hasn't been done up! It's a cold month when I don't get beat, and by the very people whom you would sympathize with most. See these shiners?"

"Yes—fine diamonds."

"Want 'em for a dollar apiece?"

"You don't mean it!"

"Glad to get it, sir. They were left by a woman who wanted to raise money to bury her husband. I was half sick and very busy and gave her $60 on them. They are paste—only paste. She came in here to beat me of course, and no doubt had a good laugh over it. Here's a locket set with pearls, which my clerk advanced $30 on. The weeping man who brought it wanted to bury his dead wife with the money. I can buy 'em at wholesale for $3 apiece. Don't you believe all you hear about your uncle having a heart of stone. There are plenty of people who wouldn't beat a street car, but we are considered fair game for them, and they'll lie like smoke to take us in. It's a great place for tears, sighs and tales of sorrow, but the main idea is to give your Uncle Isaac the cold drop, and it's done oftener than I care to acknowledge."—Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERIES OF THE LOUVRE.

Walls That Are Believed to Hide the Bones of Murdered Men.

Every one who has "done" the Louvre will remember the low pitched and somewhat gloomy halls in which are stored the treasures of Egypt. Beneath these lie yet more darkly mysterious vaults, inaccessible to the public, though approached by a wide and handsome staircase, such as would lead one to imagine that it communicated with apartments of some importance. Yet one finds at the bottom nothing but broad passages disposed in the form of a cross, and without any sign whatever of door or window.

A recent examination, however, of the solid stone walls gives experts reason to believe that the masonry is more recent than the rest of the structure in this, the oldest portion of the fortress palace. M. Vaugneux, a well known critic, believes that many of the bodies of victims killed in the revolution of 1830 were immured here, and that the government was afraid to reveal the fact when the remains of their comrades were collected beneath the Colonne de Juillet.

On the other hand, M. Blondel, the architect of the building, and M. Normand, the secretary of the Society For Protecting Parisian Monuments, hold the opinion that these subterranean passages led to the oubliettes, into which Catherine de' Medici cast those who were unfortunate enough to incur her hate or fear. A judicious exploration would clear up the matter and settle, too, several doubtful points as to the foundations of Lescot's original citadel. Unfortunately, the annual grant does not provide for any such archeological research, and it would be necessary to appeal for funds to the generosity of the chamber.—London Chronicle.

How Fast Does Electricity Travel?

The above question is frequently asked in every day conversations, but is seldom answered to the satisfaction of the querist. Wheatstone says that the speed of electricity from point to point along a proper conductor is practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to ascertain the exact number of miles which the current will travel in a given length of time. According to the most reliable estimates which such experimenters have made its speed is not less than 114,000 miles per second. The writer adds: "Such speed is inconceivably great. The mind cannot contemplate it without staggering."—St. Louis Republic.

Correct.

Teacher (to class)—Why is procrastination called the thief of time?

Boy (at foot of class)—Because it takes a person so long to say it.—Harlem Life.

The first hint of paper making in Europe was in Constantinople. The process was brought from China by way of Samarkand in A. D. 651.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshiped the "still small voice."—Dobell.

BOXING AT OLYMPIA.

Where the Fierce Combats Were Fought Almost to the Death.

They were cautious, these two, as if Xenokles fully realized the power and achievements of his opponent and Glaukus wished to test the guards and attacks of an unknown rival before proceeding to fight in earnest. The sun was already declining toward the western sea. An hour had passed. The spectators grew impatient. Were the boxers contending only to weary each other in holding up the weight of their armed hands? Such fights had been, but different tactics were looked for from Glaukus. They knew him for no cowardly trifler. Xenokles, too, must be of good heart to face so famous a fighter.

"See! Did I not say it?" cried a Krotonian.

Without warning from eye or muscle Glaukus had suddenly closed with his opponent; but, to his evident astonishment, the other, without trying to evade the rush, met it with a blow full on the chest which resounded through the stadion. Glaukus' career was checked, but Xenokles, not satisfied with this, now sprang forward and struck again and again with all his strength, until Glaukus rallied from his surprise and, taking advantage of an open guard, brought his rival to earth.

The Messenian was on his feet almost as soon as he touched the ground. The combat was no longer tame. Both men were wounded and bleeding, but they came together like raging bulls. Their great arms swung through the air, raining down blow after blow, while the clashing of brass upon brass, as they guarded the strokes, rang like the forge of Hephaestus.

"Will not your Alyte interpose?" exclaimed the Mede.

"The rules forbid it," said Evander, "but whoever kills an adversary loses his crown. Ha! That was too much for the Messenian. See how he sways and drops his hands!"

"Now, Glaukus, now!" screamed the crowd. "Strike ere he recover!"

But the wary Krotonian paused to watch the effect of his last blow. He knew that the limit of human endurance had been almost reached, and he wished to conquer with as little danger to his foe as possible.

"He has judged well," said Evander as the Messenian sank down. "Glaukus is too practiced a boxer to risk losing a won victory."—"A Day at Olympia," by Duffield Osborne, in Scribner's.

A WINDOW IN BERN.

How the Swiss Maidens Pass Many a Pleasant Afternoon.

The wide window sills on the third floor are laid out, not for flowers, but, in no less characteristic Bern fashion, for human occupation. A stout iron rail runs, at a comfortable height for resting shoulders, round the ledge, on which lie red cushions. Settled in a corner of this high perch sits a young woman, like hundreds of her fellow townsfolk, looking down upon the world, knitting, singing and gossiping by turns in the leisure hour of afternoon and through the long twilight of the summer evenings.

Somehow there is a fascination in this Bern habit of perching on the window sill. It grows on the sitter with use. That brown haired young woman, for instance, would be hard put to it to live at all without her window cushions. She is an inveterate chatterbox, but it is difficult to be hard on her when one overhears her rapid French, her laughter and her sallies on her neighbors below. She is a Neufchateloise or a Genevoise, and the words run off her tongue right prettily, in contrast to the brusque sound of the quaint Bern-Deutsch. She is blessed with a ringing laugh, too, and carols French songs, partly to herself and partly, five parts out of six, at a young man engaged in a second floor bureau. He appears at the window usually when the singing begins. She has been seen to scatter crumbs from the shaken tablecloth over his upturned countenance. It may have been accident, but it looked like coquetry. The song goes on, trilling clear and loud through the drowsy calm, and the student leans far out, to look at the window next to his own, not from curiosity—nothing there is novel—but some familiar sights are good to look at every day. There is little enough to see, too, even if it were a novelty—a box green with garden herbs, parsley, thyme, mint and marjoram, two or three pots with common forest ferns and some chrysanthemum cuttings.—Speaker.

One Correct Answer.

An amusing little story was told a good many years ago in connection with Governor Mattox of Vermont. At one time he was chairman of the committee appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar of Caledonia county.

He reported that one of the candidates was, in his opinion, unqualified, having answered correctly but one of the questions put to him.

"Only one? Well, what was that?" asked the presiding judge.

"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Mattox.

"Important question," said the judge. "And what was his reply?"

"He made it without the least hesitation," said the chairman, with a twinkle in his eye. "Of course that fact is in his favor."

"Well, what did he say?" asked the judge, with some impatience.

"He said," returned the chairman, "that he didn't know."—Youth's Companion.

These Monotonous Sonnets.

She (gushingly to the literary lion)—Oh, Mr. De Reitre, I did so enjoy that last volume of yours—that "Little Book of Sonnets," you know.

He—Thank you. I am glad that you enjoyed them. But haven't you any helpful criticism for me?

She—Well, don't you think if you had made them different lengths they wouldn't have looked so monotonous?—New York Journal.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

Division 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p.m.

Division 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

Division 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-ave.

Division 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 939 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

Division 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

Division 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

Division 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

Division 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p.m.

Division 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

Division 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p.m.

Division 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

Division 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

Division 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, James Meeney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

Division 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

Division 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

Division 20.

President, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

Division 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

Division 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

Division 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

Division 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

Division 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p.m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

Division 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 845 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

Division 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3858 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

Division 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

Division 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p.m.

Division 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

Division 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Deneen.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

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Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

Cork Pavements.

The various discouragements which some of the European cities have met with in securing satisfactory street pavements have led to somewhat extensive and, it would appear, encouraging experiments with what is called cork pavement, from the fact that cork is the most prominent and essential ingredient in the amalgam of which it is composed. The pavement used in Vienna consists of granulated cork mixed with mineral asphalt and other cohesive substances, compressed into blocks of suitable size and form. Among the numerous advantages set forth in its behalf are cleanliness, noiselessness, durability, elasticity, freedom from slipperiness, whether wet or dry, and moderate cost. Unlike wood, too, it is nonabsorbent and consequently inodorous. It presents the minimum resistance to traction, and being elastic under passing loads does away with the vibration caused by heavy teaming. The blocks are imbedded in tar and rest upon a concrete base six inches thick. When taken up for examination, they have exhibited, when compared with new ones, a reduced thickness by wear of less than one-eighth inch, this in the case of a section of a London street leading to the Great Eastern railway station, subjected to continuous heavy traffic, the blocks having been in use nearly two years.

One Way of Catching Fiddler Crabs.

There are various ways of catching fiddler crabs. One way of catching the black or mud fiddler, the one that bores into meadow banks along salt creeks, is with two boards so placed as to form a deep sided letter V. The fisherman seeks a spot where there is a little strip of sand at low water, between the base of the mud bank and the water's edge. The crabs come out of their holes and go down to the edge of the water, often in great numbers. The fisherman comes over the meadow with his boards, which he sets up on edge as quietly as he can on the sand, with the opening of the V toward the water. Then he alarms the crabs, and they come scurrying up the little beach in multitudes, bound for their holes. As they come they carry their big claw aloft, somewhat as the soldier carries his gun. It is from this habit that the fiddler crab gets the name of soldier crab, by which it is also known. Those crabs that are opposite the opening in the V hustle with the rest of the line, but when they strike the board sides they are thrown more and more together, until they converge in a mass at the point. The fisherman, sitting outside, takes them out by the handful.—New York Sun.

Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci, being a great architect and engineer, as well as painter and sculptor, left notebooks proving that he had studied the flight of birds and had planned flying machines to be driven by wings or by screw propellers. But as Leonardo was good at figures he seems to have abandoned his plans after finding out how much force would be needed.—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

The Weak Point.

The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "excepting the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."—London Fun.

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